

SEPTEMBER 18, 1880

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 564.—Vol. XXII.

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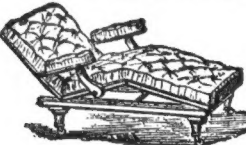
[PARIS, 1878

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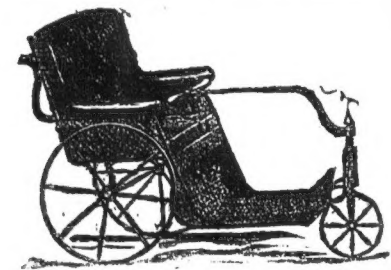
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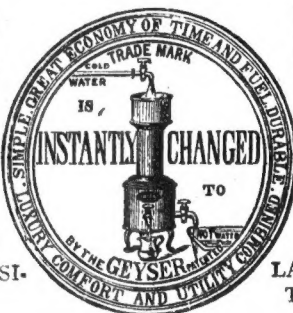
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THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 564.—Vol. XXII.
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1880

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LIEUT. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, R.A.
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A.D.C. to General Roberts

AFGHANISTAN — MAJOR-GENERAL SIR F. S. ROBERTS AND HIS STAFF

Topics of the Week

RAILWAY PERILS.—It would appear as if, owing to some mysterious cause, one railway accident possessed the power of generating others. Setting aside the Tay Bridge disaster, which was due to very exceptional causes, that is to say, a storm of unexampled violence blowing upon an ill-constructed bridge, there was for a twelvemonth a remarkable cessation of serious railway casualties. Then suddenly the magical spell of security seemed to be broken, and the accident to the "Flying Scotchman" was followed by the more fatal Wennington disaster, and that again by the collision at Nine Elms, to say nothing of a long catalogue of minor mishaps. It is small comfort to know that in each of these cases the slaughter might have been, but for accidental circumstances, far more terrible than it actually was. The chief lesson to be learnt from these disasters is this: However considerable may be the perfection to which our mechanical contrivances for ensuring safety in railway travelling have been brought, we must not forget that these contrivances are worked by human hands and brains. We may use an absolute block system, interlocking signals, and patent brakes, yet a momentary fit of carelessness or forgetfulness (which may sometimes be due to overwork) on the part of an individual *employé*, may render all these elaborate safeguards valueless. We are apt to forget the enormous difference between a railway and an ordinary road. Provided your own horse and vehicle are in good condition, that you know how to drive, and that you keep a good look-out, there is little risk on an old-fashioned highway. If you meet or overtake or are overtaken by another carriage, or if there is a carriage standing in the thoroughfare, the rules of terrestrial navigation render passage easy, and even a collision, though objectionable, is seldom terrible. All this is reversed on the railway. The engine driver is bound to his rails, he cannot swerve from them, and therefore everything before him or behind him is a possible source of danger. Most of our accidents are indirectly due to the crowded state of our iron roads, so that a single act of carelessness (as at Nine Elms) is apt to be fraught with fatal consequences. So long as we insist on numerous trains and high speed we shall not attain the comparative immunity from accidents which exists on the Continent. But something might be effected in this direction if more liberal treatment as regards wages and other advantages were accorded to signalmen, platelayers, and others among railway servants who, humble though their duties may appear, nevertheless hold in their hands the lives of the public, and who ought therefore to be the best men obtainable for the work they undertake to perform. The importance of the platelayer's duties is indicated by the recent disquieting discovery at Watford. To avoid the risk of wilful obstructions, or of injuries caused by weather or by passing trains, the permanent way can scarcely be too frequently or too minutely examined, but to carry out this system thoroughly the usual platelaying staff would need considerable strengthening.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.—During the present week all sorts of contradictory rumours have reached us from Eastern Europe. At one time we have heard that Montenegro was on the point of obtaining possession of Dulcigno; at another it has been asserted that the Albanians would never consent to the cession of the town to their hereditary enemy. Some authorities have maintained that the naval demonstration would prove to be unnecessary; others have insisted that it would not only be proceeded with but that it would lead to most perilous complications. Amidst all these reports there is one piece of intelligence about which most purveyors of news at Constantinople are agreed, and that is that the Porte has lately displayed an inclination to enter into friendly relations with Russia. The fact that Said Pasha has been appointed Prime Minister tends to confirm this view, for his Russian sympathies are well known. If a Russo-Turkish alliance were formed, the result would be decidedly inconvenient to the British Government; for, although Russia might not object to the enlargement of Montenegro, which she has always patronised, it is tolerably certain that she would support Turkey in objecting to the extension of Greece. Russia has never been favourable to Hellenic claims, and, whatever may be her professions, she must necessarily be less favourable to them now than ever, seeing that England supports Greece mainly for the purpose of providing a counterpoise to Russian influence in South-Eastern Europe. Turkey, it must always be remembered, is able to offer Russia a very tempting bribe. If she wishes to secure the support of the Czar, she has but to inform him that she will not object to the formation of a Bulgarian State which shall include Bulgaria, Eastern Roumelia, and the northern part of Macedonia. It is not at all impossible that this bribe has already been offered: in which case we must expect the Greek imbroglio to present a great many more difficulties than are obvious on the surface.

AN INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION FOR IRELAND.—But for the unworthy jealousy of English manufacturers, Ireland might, nearly a couple of centuries ago, have become an important industrial region; because in those days, before the capabilities of steam were discovered, water-power, in

which Ireland abounds, was one of the chief needs of anybody purposing to run a mill. But those days have departed for ever, and Ireland, devoid of minerals, must be content to be mainly agricultural. The State has meddled a good deal with Irish industries, but it is doubtful whether it has ever meddled on so comprehensive and systematic a scale as to confer real advantage. The things that Mr. Mitchell Henry wants to have done by his Industrial Commission, such as the draining of bogs and the reclamation of waste lands, would in Great Britain doubtless be accomplished by private enterprise; but in Ireland, as in India, unless the Government puts its shoulder to the wheel, little or nothing will be effected. It is plain, from the experiences of last winter, that the population is too thick for subsistence in some of the most barren districts, while other parts of the island are absolutely needing labour; and this transference would naturally take place through the demand for workmen if a comprehensive assault were made on the bogs, Ireland's chief agricultural drawback. We will not venture to affirm that increasing prosperity would induce the Irish peasantry to become reconciled to the British connection, for the persistent efforts of Irish-American orators and journalists have done much of late years to foster a spirit of alienation; but it is certain that, all other things being equal, a prosperous community is more likely to be loyal than a distressed community. We hope therefore that next Session Government will at least lend an attentive ear to Mr. Henry's proposals.

THE FRENCH SENATE AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—Mr. Forster's warnings to the House of Lords have been promptly taken advantage of by French Radicals. Several of their leaders have pointed out that even the English are becoming tired of an Upper Chamber, and that, therefore, the French, who have to deal only with a brand new institution, need not hesitate to do away with the Senate. The temptation to make this use of Mr. Forster's foolish speech was, perhaps, tolerably strong; but the fact that it has been yielded to is not creditable to those who have given way to it. For, in the first place, nobody in England has ever proposed to abolish the House of Lords. The most extravagant reformers do not hope to be able, under the most favourable conditions, to do more than re-fashion it; and their schemes tend in the direction of assimilating it to the French Senate. That is, they propose to introduce into it an element dependent on popular election, and therefore likely to be in harmony with the popular will. But in truth there are not many English politicians who seriously think that even this amount of reform will soon or easily be effected. The British people, although fond of believing that they are making progress, do not like to tamper with fundamental institutions. They have an instinctive and, as a rule, wholesome feeling that institutions which have lasted for many centuries have not displayed so much vitality by mere chance, but must have served some important end, and may even achieve results the full significance of which we imperfectly apprehend. The House of Lords, therefore, is probably, in the mean time, perfectly safe. If it wantonly defied public opinion, it is likely enough that it might bring itself into danger; but hitherto it has always known when submission was inevitable, and there is no reason to suppose that it will be less keen in its perceptions hereafter than it has been in past times.

LAND LAW REFORM.—With the Radical wave now sweeping over the country, this subject is likely to be brought into prominence. There is no reason why landowners should regard some of the changes which are proposed as necessarily hostile to their interests. If a really cheap and easy method of transferring land can be devised, more land than ever is likely to become concentrated in the hands of a few rich men, because rich men alone can afford to invest in an article which repays so low a rate of interest. The abolition, either partially or entirely, of the right of entail, is a more serious matter, but here again, if it can be shown that life tenancy is frequently accompanied by half-hearted and indifferent cultivation of the land, landowners might prudently agree to forego a privilege which in reality prevents them from being masters of the acres which they are supposed to inherit. The part of the Radical programme with which we are least able to sympathise is that which would inflict a penalty on owners who hold cultivatable land in an uncultivated state. This, we suppose, is aimed at the owners of parks, but logically it should equally be applied to every one who has a lawn tennis ground on which a few cabbages and carrots might be grown, or even to the humble suburban clerk, who keeps the back garden in grass as a playground for the children and for airing the weekly washing. It is better, we think, to be dependent for some of our food on foreign countries, and to keep part of our limited territory in the form of deer forests, parks, and woodlands, than to try and convert every available acre into arable and garden ground. It is because in the main we wish well to the Land Reformers that we desire them to abandon impracticable crotchets.

A PAIR OF PRINCESSES.—The Dutch and Spanish nations were once as intimately connected as it is possible for two alien races to be, but now they are seldom thought of together. During the present week, however, they have been talked of in the same breath all over Europe, because of the birth of two princesses, who, it must be confessed, have not

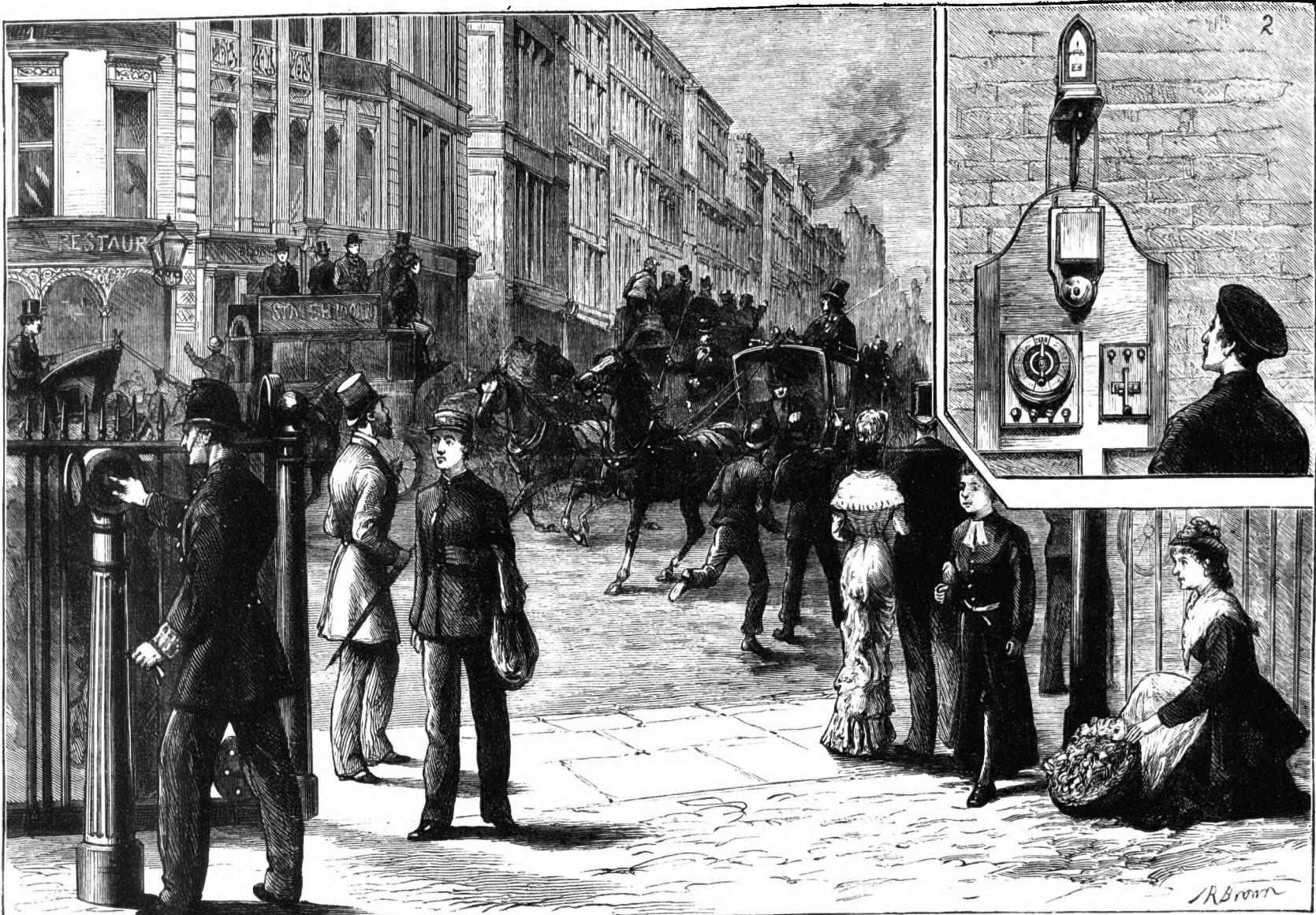
received a particularly cordial welcome. In the case of the Dutch it was natural enough that they should be a little disappointed by the appearance of a princess, because, if she should ever inherit the Crown, that will mean that Luxembourg must be dissociated from Holland, as Hanover was dissociated from Great Britain when Queen Victoria succeeded to the Crown of England. But the Spaniards have nothing to lose by the accession of a Queen; and it is, indeed, possible that a Queen would be a rather better ruler than a King. The splendour of royalty has been a good deal tarnished by the events of the last forty years or so in Spain, but the Spaniards are still one of the most chivalrous nations in the world, and a prudent Queen might maintain their loyalty under conditions in which it would be difficult for an equally prudent King to be as successful. It is true that Queen Isabella was driven from the throne; but she was a Sovereign of such exceptionally bad qualities that without being very sanguine we may anticipate a better fate for the little maid who has been the occasion of so many rejoicings during the last few days. It is fortunate for the Spaniards that she has put the succession beyond doubt, but it would be still more fortunate for them if their leading politicians showed the faintest indications of understanding the conditions of public liberty. The Opposition daily attack Señor Canovas for no better reason than that he has held office for an unusually long time, and Señor Canovas cannot think of a better way of answering them than by placing them under the surveillance of the police.

MR. HUGHES'S AMERICAN COLONY.—It affords some idea of the still undeveloped resources of North America, when we find that in a comparatively old State like Tennessee, which was settled as long ago as 1796, it is still possible to purchase 300,000 acres of land in a single block. But we are wont, judging by the scale upon which they are engraved on the map, to underrate the size of these countries. Tennessee, for example, contains 45,000 square miles, and is about as big as England without Wales. There is, therefore, as far as mere space goes—for the total population is under a million and-a-half—plenty of room for Mr. Hughes and his friends, and we hope they will found a Rugby which will as much excel the Rugby of the Midlands as Boston, Massachusetts, exceeds in importance its Lincolnshire namesake. Emigration is common enough nowadays, colonisation is comparatively rare, yet emigrants might save many bitter disappointments and hardships if, instead of solely seeking their individual interests, they were to throw in their lot with a community bound to mutual assistance. We hope, therefore, that Mr. Hughes's scheme will succeed, but it will not succeed unless the colonists are resolved to work diligently, without grumbling at the absence of home comforts. They can scarcely fail as the first settlers of Western Australia failed, who starved amid grand pianofortes and silk dresses; but they may lose heart, and fall away from their original purpose. As for the Americans, they need not fear that the John Bullism of the settlers will long survive the disintegrating influences of the surrounding society; but even if it did they ought to be pleased rather than vexed to see a few immigrants of the old original stock which colonised New England as a balance against the hosts of Irish, Germans, and Italians who are daily landing at Castle Garden.

TRADES UNIONISM *versus* SOCIALISM.—The proceedings of the Trades' Union Congress at Dublin present a marked contrast to those of the majority of workmen's Congresses in other countries. A Congress of workmen in Lyons or Gotha, for instance, would be looked upon as almost ridiculous if it did not expound the scheme of a re-constituted social system, and at the same time indicate methods for the prompt realisation of its ideal. British workmen content themselves with much less lofty flights. Mr. Murphy, the President of the Dublin Congress, struck the keynote of the assembly by declaring in his opening address that the delegates had no intention of attacking capital, and that if they had had any such purpose he would not have been present. All that the workmen wanted was to secure a fairer share in the products of their labour than they now obtain; and they proposed to achieve this object, not by violence, but by the force of "reason and argument." This thoroughly practical and moderate spirit is unquestionably in a large measure due to the peculiar character of English political institutions. On the Continent the State is so great a power in men's lives, its activity is so varied and so incessant, that discontented workmen can hardly help looking to it as the best means of ending their grievances. If the State were properly organised they fancy that there would be no difficulty in appropriating all the profits which result from the application both of capital and labour. The functions of the Government in this country being comparatively limited, we have not fallen into the habit of expecting it to accomplish impossible tasks; and our workmen are seeing more and more clearly that if their position is to be raised the result must be achieved mainly by their own efforts. The Socialistic programme is much more exciting, but we may question whether in the end it is likely to be so efficient.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued, as an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, a VIEW of the MELBOURNE EXHIBITION BUILDING.—The Half-Sheet this week, although delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 276 and 285.

After a week their Royal Highnesses and suites left with regret the hospitable roof of their delightful host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen; and went to fish in the river Casapedia, which belongs to the Governor-General. This is said to be the best salmon river in the world, the fish averaging 26lb. weight, and as many as fifty-two have been killed in a week by one rod. The Governor-General caused an excellent fishing house to be built and some tents to be pitched. The Prince, Princess, and her ladies



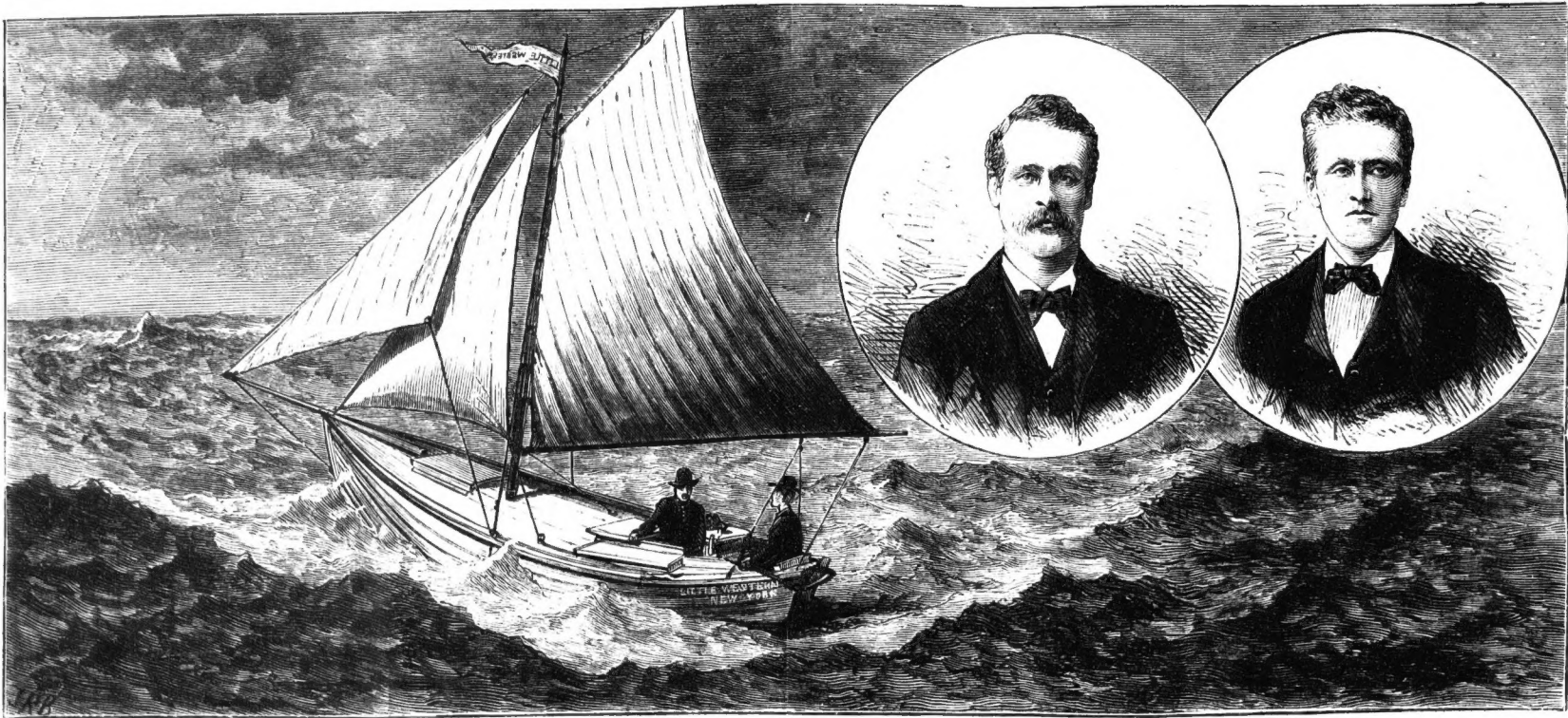
1. Sending the Message.—2. The Indicator at the Central Station.
BRIGHT'S ELECTRIC STREET FIRE ALARM



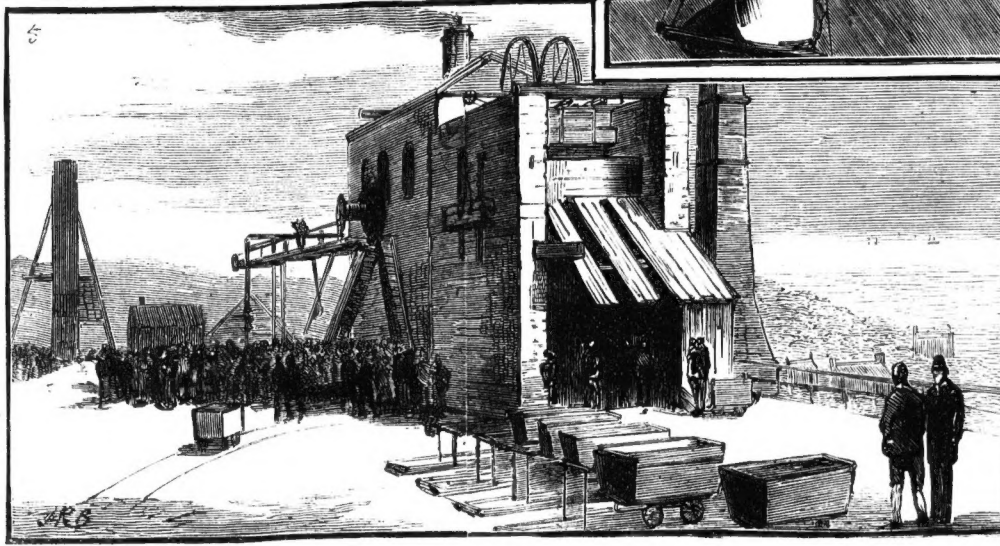
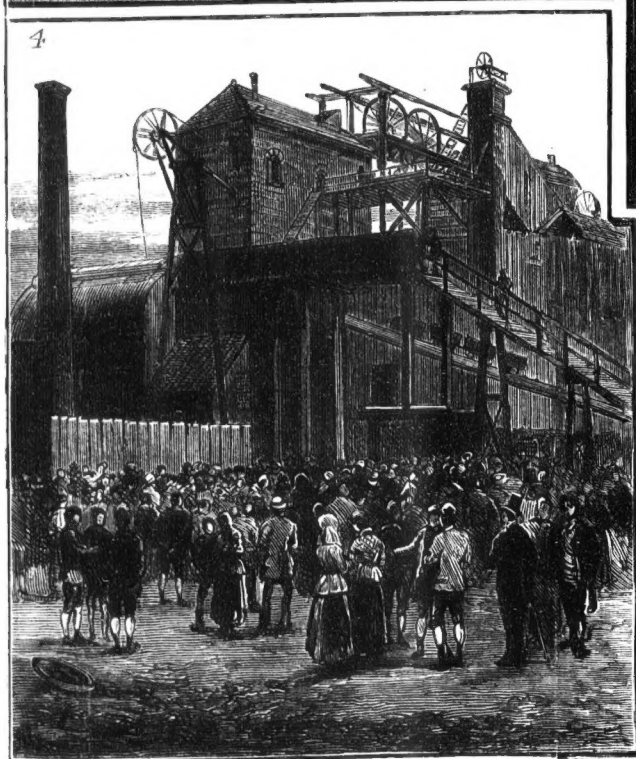
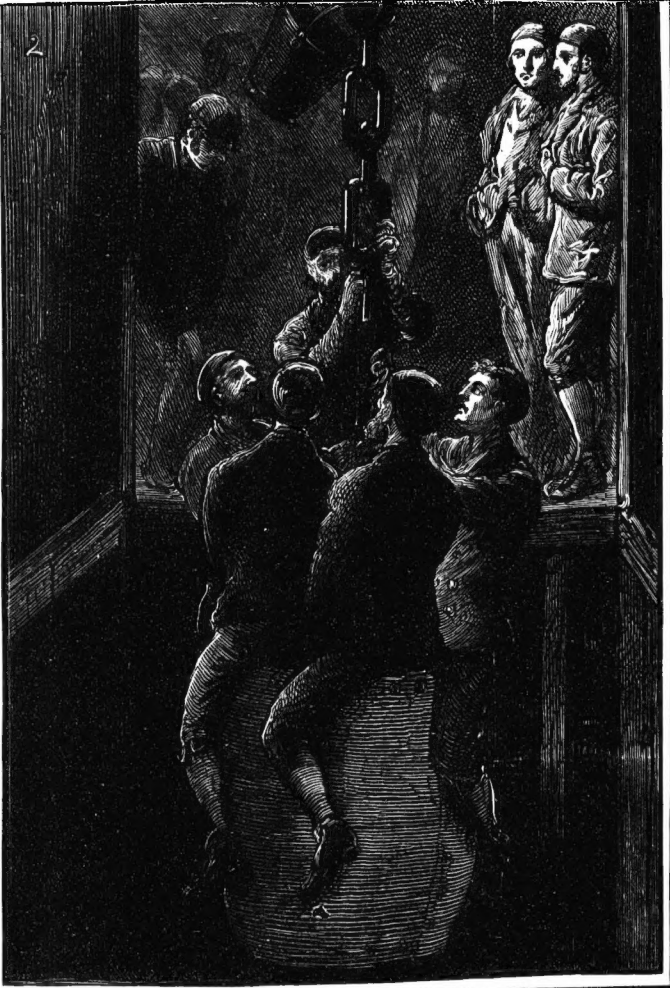
General Sir D. Stewart Abdurrahman Khan Mr. Lepel Griffin
AFGHANISTAN — MEETING OF GENERAL SIR D. STEWART AND MR. LEPEL GRIFFIN WITH THE NEW AMEER,
ABDURRAHMAN KHAN, OUTSIDE CABUL, AUGUST 11

MR. GEORGE THOMAS

MR. FRED NORMAN



THE VOYAGE OF THE "LITTLE WESTERN" ACROSS THE ATLANTIC



1. Listening for Signals at the Mouth of the Shaft.—2. A Rescue Party Descending the Shaft in the "Kipple."—3. Explorers being Let Down in "Loops."—4. Main Entrance to Pits Nos. 1 and 2.—5. Bringing up the Dead from No. 3 Pit.

THE FATAL EXPLOSION AT SEAHAM COLLIERY

preferred the novelty of living in tents, which were made most comfortable, the floors being covered with branches of the sweet-scented l'alam pine.

The fishing on this river was not at all what it had been on previous years, but still some splendid fish were killed. Prince Leopold killed amongst others one of 34 lb. weight, the Governor-General one of 39 lb., the Princess Louise one of 26 lb., and each of the suite killed several big salmon and great numbers of sea trout weighing 4 lb., and which afforded excellent sport. But sometimes a hundred salmon were counted in the pools, and the whole party would return from fishing without having had a single rise; this was owing to the clear and low state of the river from want of rain. Amongst the remarkable things that occurred was the catching of a trout, which after being played for some time was lost, but a mouse which the trout had previously swallowed was found on the hook; also the killing with the gaff of a blind salmon, weighing 33 lbs., whilst it was ascending a rapid. This fish had lost its sight in the nets at the mouth of the river.

Mr. A. Royle, to whom we are indebted for our sketches, describes them as follows:—

1. Represents H.R.H. Prince Leopold and two gentlemen of his suite starting from the Governor-General's camp on the Cascapedia River to embark in their respective canoes to fish.

2. A picturesque corner of the river where some very large fish were killed.

3. The desolate-looking railway station of Causapsal, surrounded by burnt forests, and situated on the Metapedia River, on the line connecting Halifax and Quebec.

4. Fishing-house and encampment belonging to George Stephen, Esq., at Causapsal, on the Metapedia River, by whom Their Royal Highnesses and suite were entertained.

5. Prince Leopold and some of his suite going in their birch-bark canoes to their appointed salmon pools to fish; each canoe being paddled by two Indians of the Micknac tribe.

6. The Princess Louise fishing in the Ledge Pool, where Her Royal Highness killed some large salmon.

7. The Governor-General's new fishing hut and encampment. The house is very commodious, and well constructed of varnished pinewood; the tents of blue and white canvas had a pretty effect in the landscape.

8. An amusing Indian, called Angus, making a fire to create a smoke; this is called in Canada a "smudge," and is very necessary to keep off the mosquitoes, black flies, sand flies, &c., which in the evening and after rain render life almost insupportable without a "smudge."

9. Is a pretty view of the Cascapedia River from the Governor-General's fishing-house.

10. H.R.H. Prince Leopold killing salmon in Sheddon's Pool.

11. Reilly is a settler, whose house is well situated at La Fourche, the junction of the Causapsal River with the Metapedia, and a famous place for salmon.

12. Shews the type of house of the settlers on the banks of the Cascapedia—they are mostly French Canadians.

AN ARTIST'S TOUR IN ALGERIA AND TUNIS—I.

ALGIERS

THE capital of the French province or colony of Algeria is built on the face of a pretty steep hill, the houses rising above each other, so that there is hardly one of them which does not command a view of the sea. The city consequently has from the sea a very imposing appearance, as the houses are all white, and look like a succession of terraces, but on entering the illusion vanishes, and many of the thoroughfares are found to be filthy, dark, and crooked, although much has been done by the French to enlarge the streets. The houses have flat roofs, which command a fine view, but as the windows uniformly open into an inner quadrangle, the streets have a gloomy appearance, which is increased by the successive storeys of the houses projecting over each other. The islands whence Algiers derives its name are two rocky ledges, which have been united, strongly fortified, and connected with the mainland by a mole. Another mole stretches from these islands, and encloses the harbour, which is rather small. A lighthouse is erected on one of the islands, at the junction of the moles.

PYRAMID OF SKULLS

THE modern Djerba is the ancient island, Meninx, rendered famous by Homer as the island of the Lotus-Eaters. Near the anchorage of Hont-es-Sook existed not many years ago a remarkable pyramid 20 feet high and 10 feet broad at the base, composed entirely of human skulls, reposing in regular rows on intervening layers of bones belonging to the bodies. They are supposed to have been the remains of Spanish soldiers who landed here under the Duke of Alva in 1560, and were defeated and slain by the Moors. This curious, but barbarous, monument was removed by the Bey of Tunis at the request of the European Consuls, and a column in the French cemetery marks the spot where the bones were interred.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Edgar Barclay.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

The NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 277.

"CHANGING GUARD" AT THE HORSE GUARDS

HERE we have represented one of the prettiest and most popular of London sights. In fair weather there is always a goodly crowd assembled to admire the bright uniforms, waving plumes, and flashing arms and accoutrements of the men, and the sleek, glossy coats of the horses; and even on the wettest of wet days many people are to be found watching the evolutions. The duty of mounting guard is shared by the different detachments of the Household Cavalry, who relieve each other every morning, on weekdays at eleven and on Sundays at ten o'clock. The "old guard," or that which has completed its twenty-four hours' duty, is drawn up on the left of the yard, as shown in our picture, in readiness to receive the new guard which enters through the Whitehall gates. The new guard, having arrived, is drawn up facing the one about to be relieved, the trumpet sounds, and the officers salute the standard, which is carried by the Corporal Major, or senior non-commissioned officer of the guard. Then the first relief—i.e., the men first for sentry in the new guard—fall out of the ranks, those detailed for foot duty dismounting and removing their cuirasses in the guard room. Four men are told off for mounted sentry, only two, however, being on duty at a time. The mounted sentries are relieved every hour, the unmounted every two hours. The old sentries having been relieved, they take their places in the ranks of the old guard, which again salutes the standard, and moves off the ground to the cavalry barracks. There are two guards: a "full" guard, consisting of thirty-four troopers, four non-commissioned officers, and two officers (excepting when the Queen is in London, when there are three), and a "short" or non-commissioned officers' guard, consisting of thirteen men and two non-com.'s. In addition to these any cavalry regiment quartered at Hounslow furnishes four men and a corporal for dispatch duty. Generally speaking there is always a full guard during the Parliamentary Session; but the decision as to whether the guard shall be "full" or "short" rests with the mysterious functionary called the Gold Stick in Waiting.

THE MELBOURNE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

THE above is the official title decided upon at a recent meeting of the Commissioners, a proposal to call the Exhibition "The

Carlton Palace and Melbourne Palace of Industry" having been negated. The Sydney Exhibition was a great success, and moreover it opened the eyes of European Continentals to the fact that in the Southern Hemisphere there are gathered together a large congregation of enterprising people who are willing to spend their money freely on all sorts of necessities and un-necessaries, provided they can get the things they like. The impression thus created has caused quite a rush of foreign exhibitors to the World's Fair on the Yarra Yarra, as an example of which we note that Austria recently applied for 30,000 feet of additional space, a request that could not be complied with, though the Austrians were to be allowed, if they pleased, to put up an annexe.

The Exhibition is to be opened on the 1st October, October being, in Topsyturneydom, the first month of spring. Already the inaugural cantata (by M. Léon Caron, of Melbourne) has been selected out of twenty-seven musical compositions, and rewarded with a premium of a hundred guineas. Instead of giving a single artist the monopoly of taking photographs within the building, the executive have sensibly resolved to issue licenses at 25/- each to approved photographers.

Our Victorian cousins will naturally feel very disappointed that the Prince of Wales is after all not coming to open the Show. It is quite true that Australia is, even in these days of swift steamers, a good long way off, nevertheless the visit ought, if possible, to have been managed, if only as a matter of State policy. As our Royal Princes are practically debarred from mingling in politics, there is all the more reason why certain ornamental functions which can most gracefully be performed by personages of exalted position, should be confided to them. In this important branch of the duties of Constitutional Royalty, the Prince of Wales has hitherto worked with untiring heartiness and assiduity, and therefore it is the more to be regretted that his advisers have suffered him to miss an opportunity which would have greatly helped to perpetuate the traditions of loyalty to the British Throne among the young nations which are springing up in the Far South.—A description of the building represented in our engraving was given in No. 538.

NEW HARBOUR WORKS AT QUEBEC

WATER POLO AT HUNTER'S QUAY

AND

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.

See page 285.

BRIGHT'S ELECTRIC FIRE ALARM

THIS simple and effective system of fire alarm has recently been placed in posts and boxes at selected points in the City and elsewhere, in connection with the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, in order that upon a fire being seen the engines may be instantly called from the nearest station. The diagrams show the principle of the apparatus, while the illustration indicates its use in the streets and at the Fire Brigade stations.

The advantage of a prompt warning as soon as a fire begins scarcely needs urging, for, as Shakespeare says, "A little fire is quickly trodden out; which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench."

In the report of the Committee of the House of Commons in 1878 upon the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, it was stated that the first duty of a police constable on the breaking out of a fire was to give the alarm to those about, and, if the fire was in a house, to arouse the inmates. Some time would thus be lost; more in running to the nearest station; and, as has been justly said, the very period in which the fire could be nipped in the bud is lost in these preliminary arrangements, "the first five minutes at a fire being worth (in the opinion of the chiefs of the Fire Brigade) the next five hours."

Clockwork has formed the basis of the methods of fire warning hitherto introduced in the United States and elsewhere, and, apart from its expense, is naturally liable to get out of order. In the improved system of Mr. Edward Bright, C.E., clockwork is altogether dispensed with, and the particular post from which a fire call is given is indicated by means of a small bobbin of wire of definite electrical resistance placed in the post. It cannot get out of order, and requires no attention whatever, while the cost is very small as compared with the complicated clock-work arrangements.

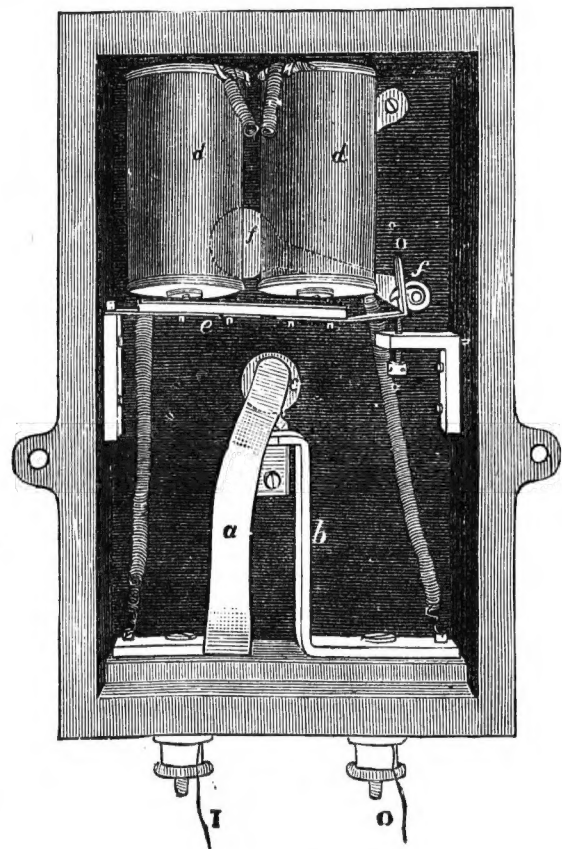


FIG. 1.

In Fig. 1, A is a spring connected to the incoming wire 1, and pressing against the standard B, which is joined to the outgoing wire 0.

C, the push-knob.

D D, two electro-magnetic coils of wire of a definite resistance, which are connected to A and B.

E, an iron armature in connection with the arm of the red disc F.

To give the alarm the push-knob is pressed in, and separates the spring A from the standard B, upon which the current of electricity from the fire station is diverted through the electro-magnetic coils, altering the electrical balance at the station and setting the bell there in action. It continues to ring until the same electrical resistance as that of the coils is put in circuit by moving the handle

of the station instrument, which then indicates the post from which the call emanates. An acknowledgment is then given by pressing a key at the station which removes the armature E with its red disc F to and fro.

In applying the system to the interior of buildings, small "heat detectors," about an inch square, as shown in Fig. 2, are placed on the

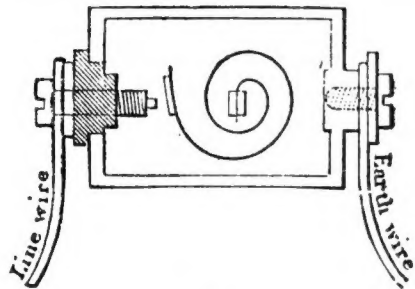


FIG. 2.

cornice or ceiling of each room. The spring is composed of two metals expanding unequally with heat, and is so set as to come into contact with the insulated stud at the end on any heat occurring in excess of the degree to which the detector is set above the maximum normal temperature. On each floor or division of the building is

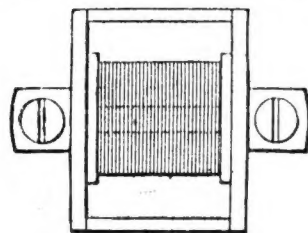


FIG. 3.

fixed a "localiser," shown at Fig. 3, which is a short length of wire wound on a bobbin and placed in a small box, which may, with the conducting wire, be built into the wall or plastered over, and will last as long as the building itself. Where there are electric bells the wires may be also utilised for the fire alarm. As soon as undue heat occurs in any room so protected the alarm is at once given by this self-acting apparatus (which may be entirely concealed from view if desired) to the inmates of the building by a loud bell or gong placed in the most effective position.

THE WIMBLEDON MARKING SCANDAL

THE trial of Sergeant Marshman has now occupied twenty-five days, and the general complaint which has been made concerning the tedious manner in which it has been conducted, ought to lead to some reform in the system of military courts martial. On Saturday the "prisoner's friend" Lieutenant Edye, R.A., in a second speech for the defence said that his client had been under arrest for seven weeks, during which time he had been held up to public scorn and execration, but he had been supported throughout by a consciousness of his own innocence. He asked the Court to believe an old soldier, twice decorated by his Sovereign, rather than a creature who had been dug out of the purlieus at the back of the Tower, and who had associated only with blacklegs and tricksters. To such men as Sage the prisoner's ruin was essential, for it was only upon his ruin they could hope to establish their own reputation. It was their primary object to bring about a change at Wimbledon, by which all military rule and authority would be eliminated, and to degrade the National Rifle Meetings into a gambling hell. After reviewing the evidence on the various charges, Lieutenant Edye concluded by saying that if on all the charges they pronounced him innocent, then the defendant would know that his prosecution had been the means of purifying the morale of the National Rifle Meeting at Wimbledon, for he would have elicited open confessions of perjury from those who had tried to turn it from a great national institution into a gigantic swindle. If he was guilty so also were Captains Smith and Dupré, who heard the alleged fraudulent conversation. On Tuesday Major A. H. Ozzard replied on behalf of the prosecution, defending the witness Sage from the aspersions cast upon him, and contending that the charges against the prisoner were substantiated by the evidence which had been given by other witnesses, independent of Sage's evidence. At the conclusion of his speech the Court again adjourned until Thursday, when the Deputy-Judge-Advocate would sum up. The decision of the Court-martial will not be published, unless and until it has been confirmed by the chief authorities.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Lieutenant C. D. Fowler, Royal Marines.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS SUMMER EXHIBITION

THIS collection comprehends an Exhibition of the works of the late Sam Bough, R.S.A., and of the late George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A., and a Black and White Exhibition, the first of the kind that has been held in Scotland. Bough—who was a Carlisle man by birth, although his name is associated almost altogether with Scotch Art—and Chalmers are known to only a limited circle south of the Tweed. Yet their works place them in the foremost rank of British artists. Bough was a landscape painter, with a keen appreciation of the freshness and variety of Nature. His skies are always admirable, and he seldom fails in securing a fine open-air effect. The motion of the sea, a breeze blowing over a hayfield, the golden glow of the setting sun, the gnarled monarchs of the forest, all these he has rendered with power and truth, and in a broad free style. His colour, however, is not unfrequently cold, especially in his oil paintings, and it is on his water-colours that his fame will ultimately rest. In these he displays some of the best qualities of our modern water-colour school. He was a hard-headed, shrewd man, Bough, and no dreamer. His works show this. In their own range they are very complete; he saw a great deal in Nature, and he painted all he saw. But there is little suggestion in his pictures, even those we most admire do not carry us beyond themselves. Chalmers, on the other hand, was of an essentially poetic temperament, with a high ideal in Art, and too fastidious ever to be satisfied with even his own best performances. For richness and depth of colour, for appreciation of the mysteries of shadows, for a tender sympathy with the poetic and suggestive side of Nature, Chalmers is pre-eminently distinguished. His pictures are all poems, for the artist threw his whole heart into his work; and his work became necessarily the true expression of his thoughts and aspirations. When we look at his "Pass of Leny" and then turn to his portrait of Mr. Irvine, we find it hard to say whether he excelled more as a portrait painter or in landscape. His flesh tints are altogether good, and his modelling wonderfully subtle. Chalmers is one of the great artists Scotland has produced this century, and his greatness would have been made more manifest even than it is had his sudden death, at the comparatively early age of forty-two,

not come before the full fruition of his powers. He was striving after the realisation of a grand ideal, and had only partially attained to it when he was confronted by "the blind Fury with the abhorred shears."

The Black and White Exhibition contains 973 examples of charcoal drawings, etchings, &c., and among the contributors are some of the best known artists in Great Britain and France. Lhermitte's "Fish Market at St. Malo" is a splendid evidence of what the hand of a master can do with charcoal. We do not feel as we look at it that it requires colour to make it complete. The drawing of the figures, the grouping and expressions, and, above all, the distribution of light and shade, leave little to be desired. Similar praise must be given to his "Blacksmiths" and his "Butter Merchants at St. Morlaix."

Mr. J. Aumonier's "Easton Broad, Suffolk;" Mr. M. Whitter's "Daybreak;" and "The Wanderer;" Mr. Tom Graham's "Patience;" Mr. F. Powell's "Wind-tossed Waves;" Mr. M. Taggart's "His Daily Bread," and drawings by Miss Clara Montali and Messrs. Fred Barnard, Lionel Smythe, F. S. Walker, R. Hardman, John Smart, F. W. Lawson, E. Rischgitz, D. A. William-on, W. Cave Thomas, and W. F. Vallance are among the important contributions to the Exhibition.

The French artists show an admirable command over charcoal. They understand the material thoroughly, and how to use it to the best advantage. Beautiful handling and consummate "taste" are shown in the landscapes by Vernier Lalanne, Dien, Boquet, Dornois, Pointelin, Trouville, Roeloffs, and Teyssonnières. Charcoal drawing is not so well understood in Scotland, and has not hitherto been so much practised there as in England and France. Still, some of the local men have turned out excellent work. Mr. W. Glover's "Fresh Breeze" and "The Bass Rock," and Mr. D. M. Laurin's "Mail Gig" deserve honourable mention, and would "hold their own" in any exhibition. The landscapes by Mr. J. A. Aitken, Mr. W. Carlaw, and Dr. Blatherwick are also very good, and a small drawing, "Evening," by R. M. G. Coventry, is full of promise. The collection of etchings is especially interesting. Nearly every living etcher of any note has contributed to it. Among those who exhibit are Rajon, Lalanne, Lalauze Appian, Seymour Haden, Probert, Whistler, David Law, Felix Buhot, Jacquemart, Los Rios, Gravesande, Courty, Gaucheret, Heywood Hardy, Richeton, Hedouin, Le Rat, R. W. Macbeth, Tissot, Colin Hunter, Waltner, Spread, &c. Some fine examples of Millet and Méryon—notably a little gem, "L'Abside de Notre Dame"—are also shown.

Among the other attractions of the Exhibition are a series of drawings, exhibited by the Proprietors of *The Graphic*, several from Messrs. Cassell, and original sketches for *Punch*, by Keene, Du Maurier, Ralston, and Corbould. A complete and valuable set of the "Liber Studiorum" has been lent by the well-known Art collector, Mr. James Duncan, of Benmare, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Institute.

The Black and White Exhibition is regarded by all interested in Art in Scotland as one of the most important ever held there. Its effect upon both artists and the public is certain to be highly beneficial. It supplies the teaching and the examples that both require.



THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—The Earl of Galloway has written to *The Times* explaining that he voted with the majority for the rejection of the Irish Registration Bill because he thought that the reason urged by Lord Redesdale was conclusive—viz., that no practical inconvenience could be occasioned, as it would not come into operation for a whole year, before which time it could be easily reintroduced and passed. Mr. E. Sullivan has also published a letter in refutation of Mr. Forster's assertion that the power the Lords possess is entirely owing to the accidents of birth. He says that of the 500—more or less—peers, composing the House of Lords, eighty-six owe absolutely nothing whatever to the accident of birth; and, in the case of forty-four others, the power they possess is only enjoyed for their lifetime, or for the uncertain term of a Parliament. During the present reign, 169 new Peers have been created, scarcely half-a-dozen of whom owe their elevation to the accident of birth.

MR. GLADSTONE left town on Friday on a visit to Lord Rosebery, at Mentmore, and on Monday proceeded to Hawarden, *via* Chester, walking from the railway station through the town, and thence across the hills to his residence, a distance of eight miles. He called first at the Bishop's Palace, and on his way thither he and Mrs. Gladstone were refused admittance to the Grosvenor Park by the gate-keeper, a trusty sentinel who seems to have been unacquainted with the Premier's features, much as he has been photographed. Mr. Gladstone has sent a letter to Mr. Cowan, thanking the Liberal Association of Midlothian for their congratulations on his recovery "in a more full and regular manner" than he was able to do in his recent speech at Edinburgh, and also expressing his hearty gratitude to all those who in this and other nations in every position in life, and from every section of political feeling and opinion have been pleased to express a kindly sympathy in his illness and a sincere pleasure at his recovery. "If," he says, "I do not dwell in greater detail upon the warmth, number, and variety of these manifestations, which in truth took me by surprise, it is only because I feel that my yielding to such an impulse might wear the appearance of egotism."

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS opened its thirteenth annual Conference on Monday, at Dublin, under the chairmanship of Mr. J. Murphy, of that city, who was elected President. About 150 delegates from trades' societies and councils attended. Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., read the report of the Parliamentary Committee, the passages referring to the County Franchise and the Irish Compensation Bill evoking considerable applause. The Employers' Liability Act was held to be of great value as a preventive against accidents, and the Payment of Wages Act was approved as a step in the right direction. With regard to reform in the land laws, the committee feared that no progress could be made until a greater number of independent men were included in the House of Commons. Among the subjects discussed during the week were the codification of criminal law, the reform of the jury law by lowering the qualification of jurors, the reform of the land laws, the assimilation of the borough and county franchise, and the extension of the hours of polling.

AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, on Monday, Mr. Cowen, M.P., laid the foundation-stone of a Public Free Library. Afterwards, presiding at a meeting in the Town Hall, he spoke on the greatly improved means of acquiring knowledge in the present day as compared with former times, and as an essential part of the inaugural ceremony was for him to choose a book he asked for a copy of Mill's "Essay on Liberty." Mr. Burt, M.P., also spoke, making a powerful appeal to the inhabitants of Newcastle on behalf of the families bereaved by the Seaham Colliery explosion.

GREAT-GUN TRIALS AT WOOLWICH.—On Monday experiments were made at Woolwich with one of the 100-ton guns purchased of Sir William Armstrong, and with the "emplacement" in which it is mounted at the proof butts. One shot only was fired,

the charge consisting of 425lb. of pebble powder and a bolt weighing nearly one ton. The gun experimented upon is one of four which are intended for the defence of Malta and Gibraltar.

THE BALLOON CONTEST.—The distances traversed by the five aeronauts, Messrs. Jackson, Wright, Orton, Simmons, and Barker, have been found to be so nearly alike, and all complied so faithfully with the rules determining the issue, that the Society has resolved to award a silver medal to each. The maximum speed was about twenty-seven miles an hour, and the weather forecast furnished by the Meteorological Office on the evening prior to the contest was fully borne out, not only respecting the fine weather, but also with regard to the direction and velocity of the wind currents. Another contest is soon to be held to determine the strength and direction of aerial currents at different altitudes at hours and places alike.

THE SANITARY INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN commences its Autumn Congress at Exeter on Tuesday next, when the Right Hon. Earl Fortescue, who succeeds the Duke of Northumberland as President, will deliver the inaugural address.

MEDICAL DIPLOMAS.—It is said that in consequence of the recent disclosures respecting the bogus diplomas furnished by Dr. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons intend to adopt measures for examining the diplomas held by all physicians and surgeons practising in England.

THE STORM OF SATURDAY did much damage in the south of London, especially in Brixton and Stockwell, where the main streets were in some places flooded to a depth of ten inches, and great holes six feet deep were formed in the roadways. The basement and cellars of many of the houses were flooded, and some of the poorer inhabitants suffered severely.

A DASTARDLY ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A TRAIN on the London and North-Western Railway near Bushy has happily been frustrated by the opportune discovery of the explosive—a quantity of reddish material, which has been analysed and found to contain dynamite—which had been laid on the metals. The discovery has created much local excitement, and the wildest theories are afloat, but no motive, except that of affording an opportunity to rob the train, has yet been distinctly suggested for such an abominable outrage, and the police appear to be without a clue to the perpetrators.

ANOTHER RAILWAY ACCIDENT happened on Saturday night near the Queen's Road Station of the South-Western Railway at Nine Elms, where, in consequence of some misunderstanding or blunder on the part of a signalman, the Hampton Court train ran into an engine which had been left on the line, and was thrown off the line and partially wrecked. Five persons, including the fireman of the train, were killed, and some twenty others were injured more or less severely. At the opening of the inquest on Tuesday Mr. Carter, the Coroner, was urged to have the depositions of the driver taken, but he said that he had no power to do so, as there was no charge before him. On Wednesday a second inquest was opened by Mr. Hull, the Coroner for West Surrey, on the body of a young man who was injured in the collision, and had died after being taken home. Mr. Hull very sensibly suggested that in this case a formal verdict should be at once returned, as it would be useless to have three inquiries going on at the same time; but some of the jury insisted upon going on, and the inquest was ultimately adjourned for a month.

WATER FATALITIES continue to be reported with saddening frequency. Lieutenant E. Watkin Williams Wynn, a young officer of the Scots Guards, was drowned last week at Windsor while attempting to shoot a weir on the Thames in his canoe, a feat which he had just before performed with success. Dr. Campbell, a London physician, was drowned at Cotham, Redcar, while endeavouring to render aid to a young man named Robson; and at Ilfracombe, on Tuesday, a young tourist named Foley was drowned in the sight of some hundreds of spectators. He had climbed out on the rocks to tell two persons who had been caught in a cave by the rising tide that assistance was coming to them, when he was washed away by a tremendous sea. A verdict of manslaughter has been returned against the captain of the steamer which recently ran down a pleasure boat off Bournemouth.

CODIFICATION OF THE LAW.—Mr. Bradlaugh's question as to the intention of the Government in relation to the codification of the Criminal Law having been put upon the notice-paper too late to allow of its being replied to in the House of Commons, the Attorney-General has courteously written to the hon. member for Northampton, assuring him that, "if possible," the importance of dealing with the question of Criminal Law Codification will be fully recognised. There is a world of significance in that "if possible," and it is to be feared that even if the undertaking is not altogether set aside, there is little chance of any one of the present generation living to witness its accomplishment. To the mind of the simple, straightforward layman, the myriads of Parliamentary enactments added to the libraries of disquisitions and explanations by learned commentators, and the innumerable reports of legal precedents, judicial rulings, and judgments by judges long since dead and gone, are positively overwhelming and appalling. It is possible that professional enthusiasts may revel in this immense wealth of dusty books and parchments, and we quite understand that some few of them might look upon it as a labour of love to set about producing order out of such apparent chaos; but an outsider, regarding the matter from a common-sense point of view, surely cannot help thinking that the game would be hardly worth the candle. The correspondence which has been going on in the daily papers during the last few days respecting the Summary Jurisdiction Act shows clearly that lawyers themselves are not by any means certain of the full meaning of an Act passed only a year ago; what then must be the condition of things when not merely one Act, so to speak, our own making has to be interpreted, but dozens or perhaps hundreds, have to be considered and digested?—acts passed ages ago, and over which during the lapse of time mountains of commentary, often diverse and contradictory, have been piled. When thus regarded, the task of codification or condensation seems to be utterly impracticable, notwithstanding the fact that eminent lawyers have expressed their willingness to undertake it, some, we believe, having actually commenced preliminary work. These learned gentlemen, however, in their eagerness to do something which shall carry their names down to posterity as benefactors of their country, seem to have overlooked the fact that there is no logical necessity for such a Herculean work. The framing and enactment of an entirely new and complete code of laws, though a gigantic task, would be far easier, less costly, more satisfactory, and could be accomplished in far less time than the codification of our old laws, which might then be got rid of at one stroke by the addition of one short Act repealing all laws passed previous to the date on which the New Code received the sanction of the Legislature. Some plan as this would surely be better than the botching and patching up of the old enactments. But perhaps it would make legal procedure too simple and justice too cheap, and thus infringe on the vested interests of the bewigged gentlemen whose business it is to split metaphorical hairs and draw distinctions where no real differences exist.

CHINESE YOUTHS, desirous to conform to European manners, fall into dire disgrace with their countrymen. Thus an unlucky Celestial student at an American University, who recently cut off his pigtail, found his studies at once stopped by the Mandarin in charge of the Chinese students in the States, and was sent home to China in consequence of this unpardonable offence.



A STATUE OF SPINOZA has been unveiled at the Hague.

A LADY ARCHITECT is making a good living in America.

DANTE'S ashes have been presented to a Florentine Museum.

A NEW THEATRE—the "Comédie Parisienne"—will be opened in Paris this winter.

PLAYING THE PIANO with the windows left open has been prohibited in Weimar, any offender against the new rule being fined two shillings.

MILTON'S MONUMENT in Cripplegate Church, which has hitherto been hidden away in a corner, has now been removed to a prominent position near the south-west door.

A DOG'S BOARD AND LODGING at American seaside hotels costs over 2s. weekly, the mistresses requiring as great delicacies for their canine pets as for their children.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES ACADEMY OF ARTS have purchased in the English Court at the late Exhibition in Sydney, pictures of the value of 4,660l. 10s.

A BELGIAN JUBILEE ALBUM is to be compiled at Brussels containing all the articles and correspondences which have appeared in foreign journals relating to the fifties of 1880.

AN ANTI-VITRIOL GLASS MASK is advertised in Paris as a precaution against the prevailing epidemic of vitriol throwing. The police, by the way, have forbidden the sale of any corrosive matter except on a doctor's authority.

A KID DINNER is to be given at the Alexandra Palace to-day (Saturday), the viands consisting solely of the flesh of the kid at different ages, dressed to represent other meat. The object is to promote the consumption of this somewhat highly-flavoured article of food.

MOONLIGHT STREEPLECHASES have been introduced at Newport, one of the most fashionable Transatlantic seaside resorts. The course and the jumps are indicated by reflector lamps, and the riders wear white so as to be easily discerned by the spectators. Polo on skates is another favourite amusement.

THE BABY SPANISH PRINCESS occupies a splendid rosewood cradle made in Paris, hung with blue satin and ornamented with gold. On one side are the Spanish arms carved in relief. Her two nurses wear gay peasant's costumes of pale blue velvet, with silver buttons, their hair hanging down in long plaits. On gala days they don crimson velvet toilettes trimmed with gold fringe.

A SYSTEM OF TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIPS FOR ART STUDENTS is likely to be established at the South Kensington Schools, resembling in some respects those of the Grand Prix de Rome, which have existed in France for years past. As a beginning of the scheme several of the best students at the Kensington National Art School are to accompany some members of the Architectural Association this autumn on a tour in Lombardy, visiting such places as are notable for objects of art and architectural interest.

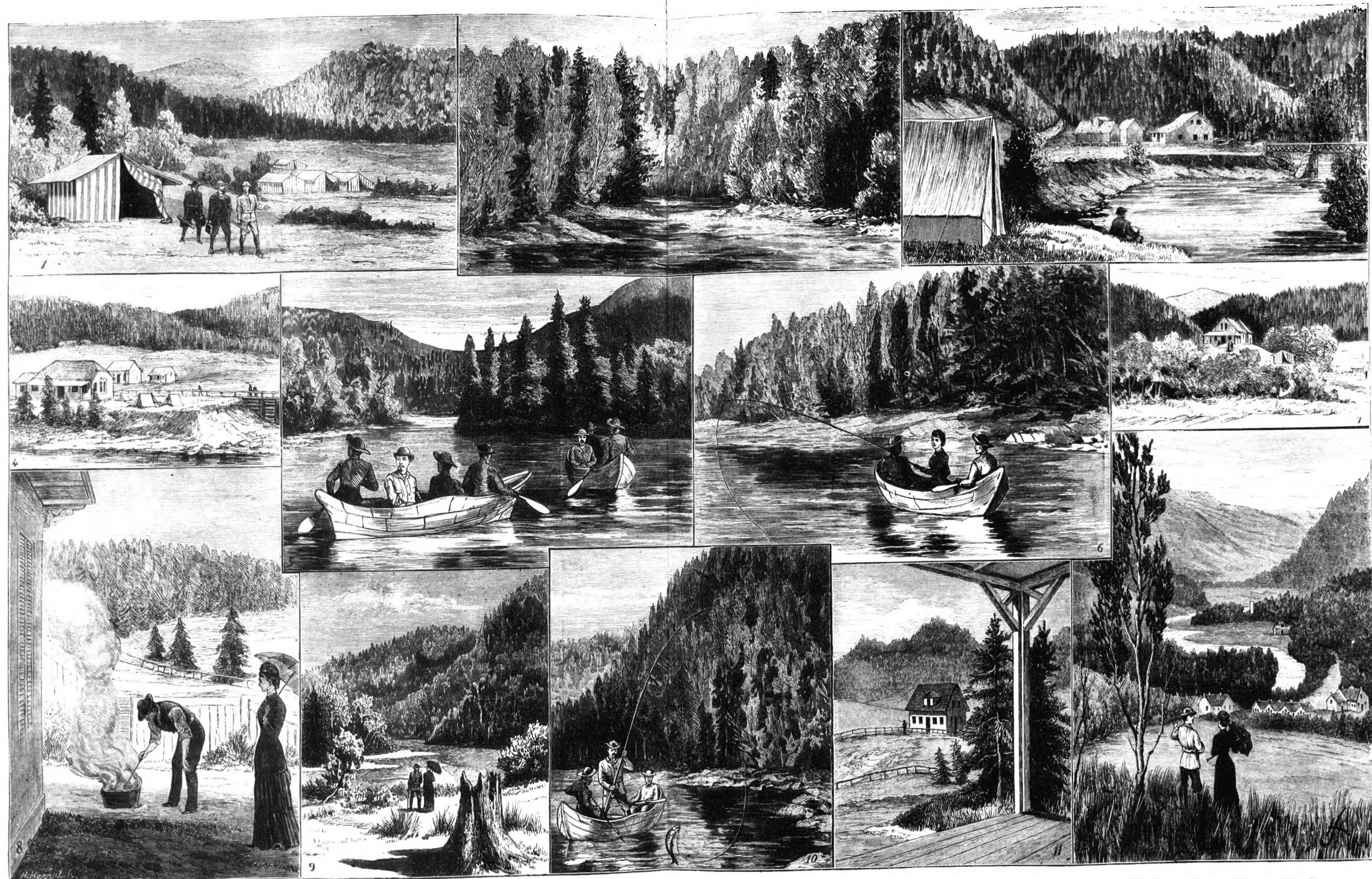
MONT BLANC has been ascended for the first time by a blind man, Mr. Campbell, of the Norwood Blind Academy. By the way, it is difficult to understand what attraction so toilsome an ascent can possess for any one unable to see anything when he reaches the summit. Talking of Alpine ascents, the Bernina has just been ascended for the first time this season, and a young German has been killed on the Viz-Kosatech in the Engadine, having fallen over a precipice while horriboring.

ENGLISH LETTERS TO PARIS have been delayed so often of late that a considerable alteration is to be made in the service. Within the last year the mail has been late 151 times, the letters reaching Paris only in time for the second morning delivery. Moreover, although in Paris letters can be posted at the Northern Railway up to ten minutes before the mail leaves at 7.45 P.M., in London letters are not received after 7 o'clock, whereas the mail does not start till 8.30 P.M. Accordingly after November 1st, the mails will leave London at 8.10 P.M., while on his side the Minister of Public Works has promised to push forward the alterations in Calais Harbour.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to decrease, and the deaths last week numbered 1,391 against 1,460 in the preceding seven days, being a decline of 69, and 4 below the average, while the death rate fell to 19.8 per 1,000—the lowest return since early in July. There were 223 deaths from diarrhoea (a decrease of 9, but 62 above the average), 55 from scarlet fever (a rise of 8), 19 from whooping-cough (a decline of 6, and 16 below the average), 18 from fever (a fall of 5, and 9 below the average), 8 from diphtheria (a decrease of 2), 7 from measles (a decline of 8, and 12 below the average), and 5 from small-pox. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs declined from 152 to 124, being 18 below the average; while there were 49 deaths from violence, of which 37 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,463 births registered, an increase of 60, and 35 above the average. The mean temperature was 62.8, while there were 26.7 hours of bright sunshine out of the 91.3 hours during which the sun was above the horizon.

ART AND LITERATURE IN THE PROVINCES.—Manchester is anxious for a permanent Art Gallery, like those at Liverpool and Nottingham, and the chief inhabitants are urging the city authorities to purchase some suitable building, alleging that valuable donations would be immediately forthcoming, and that a splendid civic collection could easily be formed. The Corporation, however, expect the free gift of the Manchester Royal Institution, where annual exhibitions of modern paintings are now held, and have refused to accept a very advantageous offer of a large house and grounds, which they could have purchased cheaply. Cardiff will shortly lay the foundation-stone of an Art Museum and Schools, together with a Free Library. Newcastle-on-Tyne also opened this week a temporary Free Library, with a lending department of over 20,000 volumes, while awaiting the completion of a large building, which is to include a picture and sculpture gallery, and science and art class rooms, in addition to two large reading-rooms and a lending and reference library.

THE PARIS PALAIS-ROYAL THEATRE, which has been entirely restored, and reopened this week, will keep its centenary in three years. Opened first with a marionette show in 1783 as the Théâtre Beaujolais, the house was occupied seven years later by Mlle. Montansier, who removed her company from Versailles when the Court came to Paris, and renamed the theatre the Variétés. Here the celebrated Mlle. Mars made her first appearance when quite a child. In 1809 the Montansier company left, and marionettes and performing dogs again took their place. From 1814 to 1818 the theatre was used as a café-concert, and then remained empty until 1831, when it was rebuilt and opened under its present name, adopting the peculiar style of comic pieces which it has maintained ever since. The second building was small, hot, and uncomfortable, but the new house is much enlarged, and contains a most interesting foyer, the walls of which form a complete biography of the Palais-Royal celebrities—authors and artists, very cleverly grouped and painted in fresco. One side represents the Palais-Royal troupe in early days, Déjazet being the principal figure, while modern actors fill the remaining space, and medallion portraits of the chief managers and authors ornament the ceiling.



1. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FISHING CAMP ON THE CASCAPEDIA.—2. UP THE CASCAPEDIA.—3. THE CAUSAPSCAL RAILWAY STATION.—4. FISHING HOUSE ON THE METAPEDIA.—5. ON THE WAY TO THE FISHING GROUNDS.—6. THE PRINCESS FISHING AT THE LEDGE POOL.—7. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FISHING HOUSE ON THE CASCAPEDIA.—8. MAKING UP A "SMUDGE" AT THE CAUSAPSCAL.—9. VIEW FROM THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S FISHING HOUSE ON THE CASCAPEDIA.—10. THE PRINCE KILLING A THIRTY-FOUR POUND SALMON IN SHEDDON'S POOL.—11. REILLY'S HOUSE AT LA FOURCHE.—12. SETTLERS' HOUSES ON THE CASCAPEDIA.

THE CANADIAN FISHING TOUR OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND PRINCE LEOPOLD



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The Montenegrin question still continues undecided, constantly changing its aspect. Pacific rumours prevail one day, warlike reports the next, but there seem many signs of the beginning of the end. Thus the Montenegrins have at length lost patience, and a body of 5,000 men left Cetinje on Monday for Dulcigno, while the French contingent have now joined the foreign squadron in the port of Gravosa. The Sultan, however, still awaits some further notice from the Powers, and it is stated that a Collective Note will be presented refusing any further delay, but permitting Turkey to retain Dinosh and Gruda—thus conceding the main point. Meanwhile the Sultan has once more changed his Ministry, "to further the solution of pending questions," and has appointed Assym Pasha, one of the reform party, as Foreign Minister, while replacing Abbedin in the Premiership by his old favourite, Said. It appears that both Kadri and Abbedin were desirous to submit to European counsel, and on the Sultan wishing to present a violent protest against the naval demonstration they resigned at once. Moreover, Abdul Hamid had another grievance against his late Premier. An Albanian himself, Abbedin was expected favourably to influence his brethren at Dulcigno, but the Albanian resistance had been too long covertly fostered by the Porte, and the Minister failed. Nor does Riza Pasha appear more likely to enforce submission, for although he promised the chiefs of the League compensation for the surrender of Dulcigno, they announced that they would declare Albania independent rather than permit the cession. Large numbers of Albanians throng the camp at Tusi, and their resistance is abetted by the Civil Governor of Scutari. They further threaten to murder Riza Pasha, and as he has only 1,500 regulars with him at Katerkol he can do but little. He has been ordered not to oppose the Montenegrins, who pronounce themselves ready to fight, and look for active support from the naval demonstration. Indeed, the different commanders have been instructed to assist Prince Nikita, even to the extremity of a bombardment, but are forbidden to disembark their men. All the instructions are identical, except those of the French Commander, which, however, are so arranged as not to clash with his colleagues' proceedings. Admiral Seymour holds the supreme power respecting maritime or technical movements, but is required to concert with the other commanders in the case of political measures, while operations may be undertaken without reference to the Home Governments. The different nationalities are all on capital terms, the only friction having arisen on a question of politeness between the Italian and Austrian ironclads, which was speedily adjusted, and visits of ceremony and salutes have been plentifully interchanged. The fleet now consists of twenty vessels, commanded by a vice-admiral and four rear-admirals, manned by 7,300 men, and carrying 136 guns. Much anxiety is felt, however, respecting the effect of the weather on the vessels, as, although they occupy a safe anchorage at present, the autumn gales will probably begin in a fortnight, when the navigation so near shore would be dangerous. Dulcigno at first was much alarmed by the fleet's arrival, and many of the inhabitants have petitioned for a Turkish war vessel to shelter the women and children in case of a bombardment. Constantinople still remains apparently indifferent to the squadron's proceedings, but the Turks are now beginning to fear in real earnest lest the naval demonstration should extend to the Greek dispute. The Sultan daily grows less popular, and indeed was recently publicly upbraided in the mosque for attempting to allow Christians equality with Mussulmans.

The Powers have sent the Porte a fresh Note on the Armenian reforms, severely blaming the delay in their introduction, and condemning the Turkish plans for provincial government. The Note insists upon the importance of religious equality and decentralisation, and warns the Government that the reforms must be carried out immediately, and under the supervision of the Powers. Pressure, too, has been put upon the Porte to allow Bulgaria to be officially represented at the Danubian Commission.

Accounts from Macedonia speak of wide-spread agitation, which is extensively aided by Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, and the Vienna *Tagblatt* further declares that Prince Alexander has openly promised to emancipate the Macedonians. A semi-official statement notifies that Russia is disposed just now to check Bulgarian enthusiasm.

FRANCE.—Public attention still centres on the religious Decrees, and M. Grévy's return to Paris has been eagerly looked for, as he would preside on Thursday at a Cabinet Council, in order to decide on the future action of the Government towards the Congregations. Most people think that M. de Freycinet will be compelled by his colleagues to give way, and to enforce the Decrees to the very letter, prophesying that if the Minister remains obstinate he must inevitably fail. His proceedings have caused some division in the Left, for the Vice-President, M. Guichard, writes to the President of the group, M. Deves, that the country will no longer brook suspense, and suggests that the party shall be called together to consult on the situation. M. Deves soundly snubbed so unparliamentary a proceeding, and the letter altogether has been generally disapproved, as unduly interfering with the Executive during the absence of the Chambers, although several Radical journals, including the *République Française*, take the opportunity to join M. Guichard in his condemnation of delay. Meanwhile, the Minister of the Interior is completely opposed to M. de Freycinet's conciliatory attitude, and has prepared a law, providing for the Decrees being carried out successively against three classes of the Congregations—respectively those who refuse to recognise Government authority, those who have signed the Declaration, and lastly, those engaged in commerce, such as the manufacture of liqueurs, cheese, &c. Nearly all the religious Orders have now sent in their adhesion to the Declaration, and the entire episcopate have followed suit, with the exception of M. Freppel, Bishop of Angers.

France's share in the naval demonstration is warmly criticised by both Reactionaries and Ultra-Radicals, who condemn any departure from a policy of peace. On the other hand, it is pointed out that France must not injure her position by abstaining from a share in the affairs of Europe, and that her very safety lies in collective action with other nations. There is no other political news, except a violent attack on the Senate by M. Floquet, who prognosticated the fall of all the Upper Chambers of Europe, citing the danger of the British House of Lords, attacked not only by "Sir John Bright," but by a member of the Government itself.

PARIS is far from an agreeable residence just now, being as malodorous as Cologne itself. Within the last month the atmosphere has been almost pestilential in the evening, and it is officially stated that the air has been infected by vapours brought by the north wind from suburban factories and by the drainage. The latter is to be materially improved, not before the improvement is wanted, by the by.—Theatrical circles are laughing over Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt's dispute with the New York Customs, which refuse to pass forty-seven of her dresses claimed as her stock-in-trade; while the chief dramatic item has been the reopening of the merry Palais-Royal Theatre, entirely renovated. Three other theatres have opened, but the only novelty is a short farce at the Vaudeville, *L'Heure du Pâtissier*, by M. Ferrier.—The army manoeuvres began in the Ardennes on Thursday.

GERMANY.—The Berlin manoeuvres have passed off with great success. City and suburbs were crowded with soldiers, while the different Royal Palaces have overflowed with princely and military visitors, amongst whom the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Rodolph of Austria were the most honoured guests. The British officers have been close to the Emperor's side throughout, while there has been much comment on the deference paid to the Austrian Crown Prince, who was met at the station by the Emperor William himself, an honour rarely accorded to any but reigning sovereigns. This episode, together with the hearty greeting of the Berliners, has naturally heightened the impression produced by the Friedrichsruhe interview, and both Austrian and German journals are unanimous in their declarations of friendship, while teeming with rumours on the subject of the alliance, as well as respecting the desire of both Russia and Italy for closer relations with Germany. To return to the manoeuvres, in which some 60,000 troops took part. The appearance of both men and horses is declared by military critics to be magnificent, the evolutions being performed with wonderful precision, while the soldiers show the advantage of close and continuous drill. The artillery, too, is remarkably fine. One of the most striking features of the manoeuvres was the march past of the German Guards, a picked corps of splendid men, while on succeeding days sham fights took place at different points round the city, many of the soldiers coming perfectly fresh to their work, notwithstanding a fifteen miles' march from their billets. Grand dinners and gala performances have occupied the evenings, and the guests have been treated with lavish hospitality, even cigars and places at the opera being provided by the Emperor.

Prince Bismarck has definitively assumed the Ministry of Commerce, a step interpreted to mean closer commercial relations with Austria.—The Secessionists from the National Liberals have formed a distinct group—the New Liberal Party—and have published their programme, which, contrary to expectation, does not openly oppose Prince Bismarck's policy. It aims at suppressing excessive taxation, and introducing a genuine Constitutional system of Government.—The Berlin workmen are highly discontented, and are agitating for increased wages.

SPAIN has been disappointed by the birth of a Princess, instead of the hoped-for heir to the throne. The baby was born on Saturday night, the event being announced to the public by the hoisting of a white flag and a salute of fifteen guns; and immediately after her birth the infant was carried by her father on a golden tray into an adjoining room, where the State officials and Diplomatic Corps had been summoned on the first report of the Queen's illness. King Alfonso presented the child to each official separately, and then delivered her to the Duchess Medina de las Torres, who will direct her household, the Ladies-in-Waiting, governess, and nurses having been appointed long since. On Tuesday the baby was christened in the Chapel Royal by the Archbishop of Toledo, and was named Maria Mercedes Isabella—a touching homage to the memory of the King's first young wife. Ex-Queen Isabella was sponsor. Queen Christina and the baby are both well, and in honour of the new Infanta an amnesty for political prisoners will be proclaimed, and decorations plentifully awarded.—Political freedom certainly does not flourish in Spain, for Marshal Campos has been threatened with exile for endeavouring to organise a Liberal Opposition, while at some recent elections the Opposition electors were arrested in crowds.

RUSSIA.—The abolition of the Supreme Commission has encouraged the Nihilists to break their recent silence, and the new number of the *Will of the People* teems with details of persecutions. The journal alleges that secret espionage is more rife than ever, and that the treatment of prisoners is even more brutal. Several Socialist leaders, by the way, have been discovered by the confession of a political prisoner who recently committed suicide in prison, after disclosing the author of the attempt to blow up the Winter Palace, now in the hands of the police. The harvest has failed in the Volga district, where there is much misery, and the Czar has accordingly ordered the Siberian Railway to be at once commenced so as to provide work. While negotiating the Kuldja Treaty, the war preparations are still proceeding. From 10,000 to 12,000 Russians are concentrated in the Kuldja district, and another army on the Kashgar frontier. Symptoms of Siberian plague have appeared near Odessa.

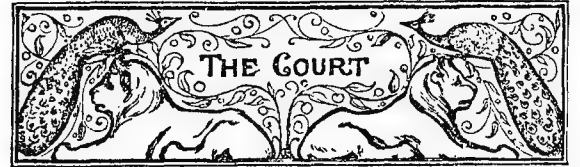
INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—There is a complete lull in the military situation, and Candahar has resumed its normal appearance. The expelled population are returning, and, much to their surprise, find their property intact, whilst they have been greatly impressed by the British victory, and avoid all appearance of sullenness. General Roberts has taken a large portion of the force to Kilia Abdulla, in order to ease the Supply Department, and expects to meet Sir R. Sandeman to consult on the subject of transport and supplies between Sibi and Candahar, the roads being very bad. A burial party has been sent out to Kushk-i-Nakhud, which is further to look for the guns stolen from the Wali, and to search the neighbouring villages, where it is supposed that many followers are held prisoners, and that a good deal of property is hidden away. Ayoub Khan, with a few followers, has passed Zemindawar on his way to Herat, where it is reported that a serious insurrection has broken out, the Governor left in charge by Ayoub being murdered. As to the British troops from Cabul no sickness whatever is reported, and the Khyber Pass is now left to its ordinary garrison. There seems great probability of the British being withdrawn from the Khyber, as the chiefs of the neighbouring tribes will shortly be summoned to Peshawur to arrange for keeping the Pass open—a fixed toll being paid for the right of way. Abdurrahman sends most satisfactory reports from Cabul.

INDIA is much divided on the question of retaining Candahar, and Mr. Lyall, the Foreign Secretary, goes this month to the city itself to confer with Colonel St. John. There is a strong feeling in favour of Candahar being occupied, in consequence of the value of the position both as a centre of trade and as a military outpost.—The Indian crops have been much improved by the late rains, and the chief anxiety on the subject is past. Both the tea and the indigo crops, however, promise badly. The Eurasian De Sa, who fired at Lord Lytton last Christmas, has been declared insane.

UNITED STATES.—The Republicans have been beaten in Maine, where the Democrats and Greenbackers combined, and elected their candidate as Governor. The Republicans had counted on a victory, but consoled themselves with General Grant's promise to vote at the coming election, though he has never voted but once before in his life.—President Hayes has arrived at San Francisco.—The fraudulent diploma seller, Dr. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, who was believed to be drowned while on his way to prison, has been captured in Detroit.—Fourteen additional survivors from the wreck of the *Vera Cruz* have been saved by a raft. Another maritime disaster is the foundering of the *Anglia*, of the Anchor Line, near St. John's, Newfoundland, after collision with the bark *Irongate*. No lives were lost.—Mr. T. Hughes' British colony in Tennessee is to be named Rugby, and will probably have for near neighbours a colony of New Englanders from Boston.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Emperor of AUSTRIA continues his tour through Austrian Poland, where he is received with the utmost enthusiasm.—SWITZERLAND has been visited by an earthquake, two smart shocks having been felt at Zermatt, while a terrible storm has done much damage in the Bernese Oberland.—In ITALY the soldiers are becoming very unpopular with the lower classes, and collisions are frequent.—Forest fires in CANADA have destroyed the homes of over one hundred families near Upton, several persons being killed.—Sir Bartle Frere left SOUTH AFRICA on Tuesday amidst the warmest

expressions of regret at his departure. Numerous provincial deputations and societies presented valedictory addresses, and the inhabitants of Capetown turned out *en masse* to see him off. General H. Clifford is Acting Governor. There has been a skirmish in Basutoland, the Chief Lerothodi having attacked the Cape Rifles at Mafeteng. He was easily repulsed, and a peaceful settlement is anticipated with all the other Basutos except the chief Masupha.—In VICTORIA, Mr. Graham Berry has again been appointed Premier, after the Conservatives had held office for a very brief period. The notorious bushranger, Kelly, now in Melbourne Gaol, is getting better, and will soon be tried.



THE QUEEN with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold made an excursion on Saturday to the Linn of Dee. The Royal party spent some time wandering round the falls and their neighbourhood, where Her Majesty took several sketches, and afterwards went on to Glenderry, where they lunched. Later the Queen and the Prince and Princess walked along the glen to the foot of Ben Macdhui, and drove home to Balmoral. Earl Spencer, who had been at Balmoral as Minister in attendance, left on the same day after having an audience of the Queen. Next morning Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service at Balmoral, the Rev. A. Campbell officiating, and in the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice called on Mrs. Campbell at the Manse. On Tuesday Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess visited Glen Gelder Shiel. Her Majesty has also entertained Colonel and Miss Farquharson at dinner, and has visited them at Invercauld.—The Queen will probably place the statue of Prince Louis Napoleon near the grave of Edward IV., in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Her Majesty has permitted the sword of Captain the Hon. Wyatt-Edgell, who fell at Ulundi, to be hung up in the Braye Chapel.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their children, returned to town from the Isle of Wight at the end of last week. Immediately on their arrival they all visited the Duchess of Cambridge, and in the evening went to Drury Lane Theatre. On Saturday the Duchess of Teck and the Grand Duke Constantine called at Marlborough House, and in the evening the Prince and Princess and their two sons went to the Gaiety Theatre. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their family attended Divine Service, and afterwards the Prince, with Prince Louis of Battenberg, went to Charing Cross to meet Prince John of Glücksburg, uncle to the Princess, who arrived on a visit to the Prince and Princess. The Grand Duke Constantine dined with the Prince and Princess in the evening. On Monday the Princess with her two sons and Princes John of Glücksburg and Louis of Battenberg, visited the Westminster Aquarium, the orang-outang receiving an extra meal during their stay, and in the evening the same party, with the Prince of Wales and Princesses Louise and Maud, were present at the American Minstrels' performance at Her Majesty's Theatre. Princes Albert Victor and George left on Tuesday to rejoin the *Bacchante* on her cruise with the Flying Squadron, the Prince of Wales and Prince John of Glücksburg accompanying them to Portsmouth. The Royal party went out in the *Osborne* to the *Bacchante*, where they lunched, and subsequently the Prince of Wales returned to his yacht, intending to accompany the *Bacchante* some distance to sea. There was some delay in starting, however, and meanwhile the weather became so bad that the two vessels only went so far as Cowes, where the *Bacchante* anchored for the night, leaving next day for Vigo. The two young Princes will be away about a year. The Prince of Wales returned to town in the evening, and on Wednesday night the Prince and Princess and their three girls left London for Abergeildie. During his stay in Scotland the Prince will pay several visits, the first being to the Earl of Fife at Mar Lodge.

Princess Christian will open the Hertford Convalescent Home at St. Leonard's on the 21st prox. The Prince and Princess and their two sons have left Pontresina to join the family gathering at Berlin. They have witnessed the army manoeuvres, where the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Charlotte of Meiningen, the eldest daughter of the Crown Prince and Princess, were daily present on horseback. The Duke of Cambridge met with a slight carriage accident on Monday, the horses falling down. He sprang out in time, and was uninjured.—The Duke of Edinburgh will attend the Leeds Festival as President.—The Grand Duke of Hesse and his eldest daughters arrived in London on Thursday morning, having crossed *via* Flushing and Queenborough. They will remain a short time at Buckingham Palace before joining the Queen in Scotland.

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia has been to Glasgow to inspect the Czar's new yacht, the *Livadia*. Returning to town for a few days, he subsequently went to Paris, whence he will come back to Plymouth to travel home in the *Livadia*.



PROMENADE CONCERTS.—It is impossible to afford more than an occasional glance at these entertainments. What with the "Symphony Nights," "Classical Nights," "English Nights" and so forth, to give even a weekly account of them in detail would far exceed the column usually allotted in *The Graphic* to musical matters. Not that we wish to under-estimate the manifest good they are effecting, on the contrary, we cheerfully admit it. But Mr. F. H. Cowen, the new conductor, in his laudable anxiety to present examples both of the old and the new schools, occasionally goes into excess. On a recent "Classical Night," for example, he inflicted upon a submissive audience the whole of that terribly long symphony, in seven movements, by Anton Rubinstein, entitled *Ocean*, the first part of the concert coming to an end with the obstreperous "Kaiser-March" of Wagner. Those who try conscientiously to understand how the term "classical" applies to such things must have been at their wits' end. Happily the programme included one piece about which there could be no difference of opinion—a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, in B flat, by Mozart, the leading part in which was rendered in masterly style by Mr. Charles Hallé, who is acquainted with almost every "classical" piece (intelligibly so denominated). The engagement of this versatile artist has strengthened the interest of the programmes. With Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, Chopin, Bach, Stephen Heller, &c. Mr. Hallé is as much at home as with Mozart, which makes it the more difficult to explain how, in any circumstances, he could be induced to perform Liszt's parody of a beautiful piece by Schubert, announced as *Valse Caprice in A minor*—"Schubert-Liszt." The union of two such names is preposterous. We have had also a "Mendelssohn Night," beginning with the C minor symphony, the great composer's first work of the kind produced in England, and enriched with an *andante* worthy of Mozart. Mr. Cowen, with good taste, adopted the original minuet

and trio, in lieu of a *scherzo* from the *Ottello* for stringed instruments which, though orchestrally arranged, by Mendelssohn himself, for the Philharmonic Society, is altogether out of keeping with the rest of the symphony. The opening also comprised the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *Rondo* in E flat, played with his wonted neatness and brilliancy by Mr. Hallé—well accompanied by the orchestra. By no means the least interesting programme of the series was that of the last "English Night" but one. Beginning with Sterndale Bennett's ever fresh and beautiful *Naiads* (composed more than forty years since), and ending with Mr. Arthur Sullivan's exhilarating "Overture di Ballo," it comprised also Mr. Henry Gadsby's well-thought-out overture, *Andromeda*; a promising "overture, in F," by Mr. A. Matthay, student in the Royal Academy of Music; a clever concertino for flute, with orchestral accompaniments, from the pen of Mr. John Francis Barnett, who composes with equal readiness in every form—admirably executed by Mr. J. Radcliff of the Royal Italian Opera; an extremely pretty bagatelle, entitled *La Mandoline*, by Mr. A. Burnett, the able leader and assistant conductor; and the C minor symphony of Mr. Cowen, now, happily, given in its entirety, convincing all who have ears to hear and sensibility to appreciate, that it is a thing of absolute beauty, destined to endure. Here was a selection calculated to encourage all who feel interest in the progress of English art. At the second "English Choral Night" the opening part was devoted to Mr. Frederick Clay's cantata, *Lalla Rookh*, about the performance of which we can only repeat the opinion expressed with regard to that of Bennett's *May Queen*. To find opportunity for adequate rehearsal of such works is, in the circumstances, out of the question. It would be wiser, therefore, to ignore them. Four of the promised six symphonies of Beethoven have already been produced. There still remain two others—Nos. 7 (in A) and 8 (in F)—both of which should be given in the ensuing week, as the season closes on Saturday next with a concert for the benefit of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. The vocal music has been good on special occasions, and the return of Madame Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley from the Gloucester Festival, considerably enhances its attraction. Nevertheless, with these, and such singers as Madame Antoinette Sterling, Misses Anna Williams, Orridge, Mary Davies, Mr. Frank Boyle, &c., a little more research might, we think, be made among the accessible stores of English vocal music, old and new. If our own singers are not aware that it contains a mine of wealth, it is the more necessary to remind them of the fact. It has of recent years become the fashion to depreciate English vocal music, notwithstanding all the diligence and learning Mr. William Chappell has expended in tracing it to its very origin; and it depends upon such artists as those we have named, with others who might be added, to take up the cause of native Art and proclaim it before the world. We have more to say of these concerts, which, "Promenade" though they be, are capable of much good; but at present we must desist. That Mr. Cowen is the right man in the right place is incontrovertible.

WAIFS.—The report that Dr. Hans von Bülow had been deprived of the use of his right hand is happily unfounded. The *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* attributes it to malevolence. Great men have always little enemies. What would the "Parsifal Fund" do without that sturdy and dexterous right hand?—Niemann, the Wagnerian tenor, will play the leading character in Rubinstein's *Now*, when that opera is produced at Berlin. Niemann, however, is said to entertain a strong objection to shaving his beard, which, as the Roman Emperor of the period wore no beard, is regarded by composer and manager as a *sine quâ non*. Whether Tristan and Siegmund wore beards only those who have fathomed the profundities of *mythos*, like Richard Wagner, can be supposed to know. Being primitive personages it is most likely they did.—Pauline Lucca returning next month to the Imperial Opera-house at Vienna, a revival of Weber's *Preciosa* is contemplated expressly for her. Fancy Pauline in the lively gipsy of Cervantes!—Weimar is so crowded with pianists of the Liszt school, who practice with their windows open, that the Director of Police has issued a manifesto imposing a fine of two marks upon all such disturbers of the public quiet, for each repetition of the nuisance.—The report that August Wilhelmj, the violinist, was about to leave the United States for the "old country" immediately, has been contradicted. He is to play at concerts in Boston, with Jeffry, the Viennese pianist—whom the critics compare with Rubinstein and Bülow—and their own popular contralto, Anna Louise Cary, in the middle of October.—Maurice Dégremont, the boy-violinist, who astonished connoisseurs at the Crystal Palace not long since, has returned to his native place, Rio Janeiro, the capital of the Brazils, where he gave a concert at the Imperial Opera, on the 1st of August.—An Orpheonic Society has been set on foot at Toledo.—Signor Fancelli, Mr. Mapleson's whilome first tenor, is engaged for the San Carlo, Lisbon.—Sixteen theatres will be open in the coming autumn and winter at Madrid, seven devoted to musical performances.—On the 16th of October, 1880, Wagner will have completed his 67th year.—A pianoforte concerto by the late Hermann Goetz is about to be introduced by Mr. Charles Hallé, at his Manchester Concerts in Free Trade Hall. How is it that so many remarkable compositions (the *Damnation de Faust* of Berlioz, for example) are brought forward at Manchester before we hear them in London?—Madame Lemmens Sherrington has been appointed Professor of Singing at the Brussels Conservatoire.—The obsequies of Ole Bull were celebrated on the 24th of August in his native town of Bergen (Norway).—Mlle. Marie Vanzandt has had great success at Copenhagen in the opera of *Mignon*. Though the prices were doubled the theatre was crowded nightly.—Mr. Carl Rosa, in his present tour, would seem to be followed by good luck. He is doing excellent business at Birmingham. The local papers speak in high terms of *Mignon*, which Mr. Rosa conducted himself, and especially of the performance of Mr. Maas as Wilhelm Meister—which, according to the *Daily Mail*, "was enough to secure the success of any opera."



THE BURIALS LAW AMENDMENT ACT, which came into force on the 7th inst., provides that, proper notice having been given, burials may take place in churchyards and graveyards, "either without any religious service," or with any religious service that is "Christian and orderly." Liberty is also given to clergymen to use the Church of England service in unconsecrated ground. The law does not apply to Scotland or Ireland. The first burial under the new Act took place in Beckenham parish churchyard on Thursday, last week, a Baptist minister officiating. The service consisted of an extempore prayer, some passages of Scripture, some brief addresses, and a hymn. Several clergymen and strangers were present; but no allusion was made to the exceptional character of the occasion. Bishop Piers Claughton has written to *The Times*, saying that he thinks the passing of the Bill a matter for congratulation, even to its opponents, as putting an end to much strife and bitterness. On the other hand, protests are being issued by the opponents of the Act, condemning it as a desecration of the most sacred principles of order and discipline in the Church, and therefore calculated to increase rather than diminish strife. Archdeacon Denison and his supporters

intend holding a meeting at Leicester during the Church Conference week, at which strongly-worded resolutions will be proposed, protesting against the action of the Spiritual Peers who voted for the second reading of the Bill, and recommending incumbents of parishes to have nothing to do with burials under the Act.—Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., speaking last week at Brymbo Hall, near Wrexham, in reply to an address of congratulation, said that in the present state of feeling on the subject it was idle to talk of passing a Bill authorising anti-Christian or non-Christian services in the churchyards. He feared that he had incurred the wrath of the everything or nothing school of politicians—men who, if they were owed 100l., would sacrifice the whole debt rather than accept 99l. 19s. 6d. The Liberation Society has issued a manifesto congratulating the friends of religious equality on the passing of the Act, but expressing regret that it contains restrictions which are inconsistent with the principle on which it is professedly based.

THE PRIMATE, continuing his Visitation on Friday last at Ashford, said that the tendencies of the age were towards a lax view of Christian doctrine and teaching, unlike anything with which the country had yet been familiar. Presenting itself under the guise of an improved and more rational Christianity, speaking with the greatest respect of the Lord Jesus Christ and His Apostles, professing to regard them as the great benefactors of the human race, and even admitting that historical Christianity was in some sense a wonderful manifestation of God brought near to man, it virtually substituted for the old Gospel a system of philosophy from which the supernatural was eliminated. The existing prejudice against miracles was he thought unreasonable, and it was their duty to urge on the Theist to realise continually the full force of that doctrine which he recognised, its bearing on an all-pervading Providence, its suggestion that if God was it might be possible for the soul to hold communion with Him.

RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE IN MANCHESTER.—The Bishop of Manchester in the course of a sermon delivered last week at St. Andrew's, Ancoats, stated that in a Manchester parish, containing 1,232 houses, the clergyman had found from personal inquiries that the heads of 906 families openly professed that neither they nor their households attended any place of worship. This fact was, he said, a scandal and a peril to society. He did not want to proselytise, he did not want the Church of England to gain in numbers at the expense of the Roman Catholics, but there was surely work enough for all to do in stirring up that inert mass of apathy, and in bringing the people to a conscious of their peril.

THE CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY ASSOCIATION has just held its third annual Conference at Liverpool, under the Presidency of General H. Goodwin, who in his opening address said that the twin doctrines of grave significance which the Association had been constrained by the spirit of Christ to make a good confession of before all men, were that man was not possessed of eternal life by natural inheritance, but that he received it by faith in Jesus Christ, the divinely-appointed Sovereign and Judge of the Universe. A number of papers were read and addresses delivered, all the speakers contending that the dogma of everlasting pain as a punishment for sin was unscriptural, unreasonable, and most dishonouring to God, and rested entirely on the equally false doctrine of man's inherent immortality, for which neither Nature nor Science afforded any support.

FRESH APPARITIONS of the Virgin and Child, accompanied by St. John and St. Joseph, are alleged to have been seen at the Chapel of Knockmore, near Ballina, and not far distant from the now celebrated Knock, where the inhabitants are in a state of great excitement; and at Llanthony Abbey, in Wales, the retreat of "Father Ignatius," similar visions are stated to have been witnessed by several persons, both in the church and in a field near by, where a monk, who had been suffering from "weakness and heaviness, with great pain," was suddenly relieved on applying a dock-leaf to his forehead, ejaculating at the same time, "If the Virgin has touched this leaf it must do me some good." In this neighbourhood the alleged apparitions are said to have caused "some excitement, and some ridicule."

THE SALVATION ARMY.—The Bishop of Carlisle preaching in the Cathedral on Sunday last said, that he could not refrain from saying that he was deeply pained by the report of the doings of those who called themselves the "Salvation Army." What kind of salvation could come from the tactics of such an "army" he could not imagine. If the newspapers were to be trusted the whole affair seemed to be a most painful burlesque of all that could be called religious. Laughter and pitiful joking seemed to have very much taken the place of what we were wont to connect with the word "salvation." They might be very earnest, but their proceedings were calculated to do a vast amount of mischief. Foolish things done in the name of Christ were worse than the attacks of open enemies. One could keep an atheist at arm's length. But if people talked much about salvation and conversion and so forth you were expected to think there must be some good in them, and you were perhaps tempted to give them ear when perhaps you would be much more wise to keep your ears closed. It was easy in any language to say "Lord, Lord," but not so easy to do what the Lord commands.

THE IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY have issued an address expressing their assent to the youth of the country competing for the prizes offered by the new University, but exhorting them to abstain from attending the Queen's Colleges, and declaring that the demands of the Irish Roman Catholics in the matter of higher education have in no way been met by the recent legislation.

THE CLEWER SISTERHOOD.—The Rev. Roland Errington, successor to Canon Carter in the Rectory of Clewer, after conferring with the Bishop of the Diocese, and the late rector, has resolved to retain the services of the Sisters of Mercy as district visitors in connection with the Church. He has, however, announced in reply to the objection raised by some of the parishioners, that if they teach any doctrines or adopt any practices which are not sanctioned by the Church of England, he shall exercise his authority to discontinue them.

THE NEW VICAR OF GREENWICH.—The Rev. Brooke Lambert, who succeeds the late Canon Miller as Vicar of Greenwich, last Sunday morning read himself in at the parish church of St. Alphege, in the presence of a large congregation. In the afternoon he preached at the same church, and in the evening at St. Mary's, Greenwich.

THE REV. C. F. LOWDER, Vicar of St. Peter's, London Docks, and well-known as one of the most popular and energetic Ritualistic clergymen of London, died suddenly last week in his sixty-first year.

FOLKESTONE is to be congratulated as having been selected as the field for the future ministrations of Canon Baynes, the well-known pulpit orator. The world will know where he is now, but since he accepted, after many years' labour as Vicar of Coventry, the repose of a country rectory, it would have puzzled all but a few score or so to say where Toppesfield, which he has just quitted, is to be found. It is one of those churches that one sees occasionally from a passing train, alone and solitary in the midst of the fields, having a small congregation of labouring folk and one or two tenant farmers, a primitive population that in speech and manner belong to a past age. It has been here that one of the most accomplished men of the age, whose discourses filled the urban churches to overflowing, has lived for the last twelve months, and which he has now exchanged for a more congenial scene.



THE OUTRAGE ON THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.—Henry Perry, the perpetrator of the recent assault on Clarence Lewis in a carriage on the Underground Railway, was tried on Wednesday at the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Justice Stephen, and being found guilty of robbery with violence, was sentenced to receive thirty lashes from a cat-o-nine-tails, and be kept in penal servitude for twenty years; the judge remarking that it was the most cowardly and brutal outrage that had ever been brought under his notice.

AN OUTRAGE SIMILAR TO THE ABOVE was last week reported to have been committed on the Great Western Railway, near Wrexham, where a man named Norris was found on the line in a terribly bruised condition. He stated that he had been violently assaulted and thrown out of a train by some men with whom he was travelling; but subsequent inquiry has shown that he was seen alone in the carriage at Shrewsbury and Ruabon, and was then so drunk that he could not show his ticket. It is therefore conjectured that he must have opened the door himself and fallen out upon the line.

A SEIZURE OF GUNPOWDER was made on Tuesday at Birkenhead, by a policeman on duty at Woodside Ferry, who, seeing four men carrying sacks towards the docks, stopped them, and found that the contents were six hundredweight of gunpowder packed in tin cases. The men, one of whom offered the constable a sovereign to let them go, stating that the bag contained revolvers for exportation to Spain, were, of course, arrested. One of them has since been fined 10l. and costs; the others were discharged.

A MYSTERIOUS OUTRAGE has just been perpetrated at Sheffield, where an Irish labourer, named William Stephens, has been shot in the mouth by a man, who is supposed to be a member of a secret society. This person called to speak with him at the door of his lodgings, and, in company with two others, had been seen waiting about near the house for some time. Stephens, who is said to have formerly belonged to the Fenian Brotherhood in Lancashire, and who is now lying in a dangerous condition at the Infirmary, refuses to give any information concerning the outrage.

A WOULD-BE IMITATOR OF DR. TANNER has just died of voluntary starvation at Shepherd's Bush. He would take no food, and drink nothing but spring water; and, when pressed to eat, told people to mind their own business—the "spirits" would keep him alive. At the inquest the coroner said the act of abstaining from food was a wicked one, but he did not think deceased intended to kill himself; and the jury returned a verdict "that deceased died from inanition from want of food, and that death was caused by misadventure."

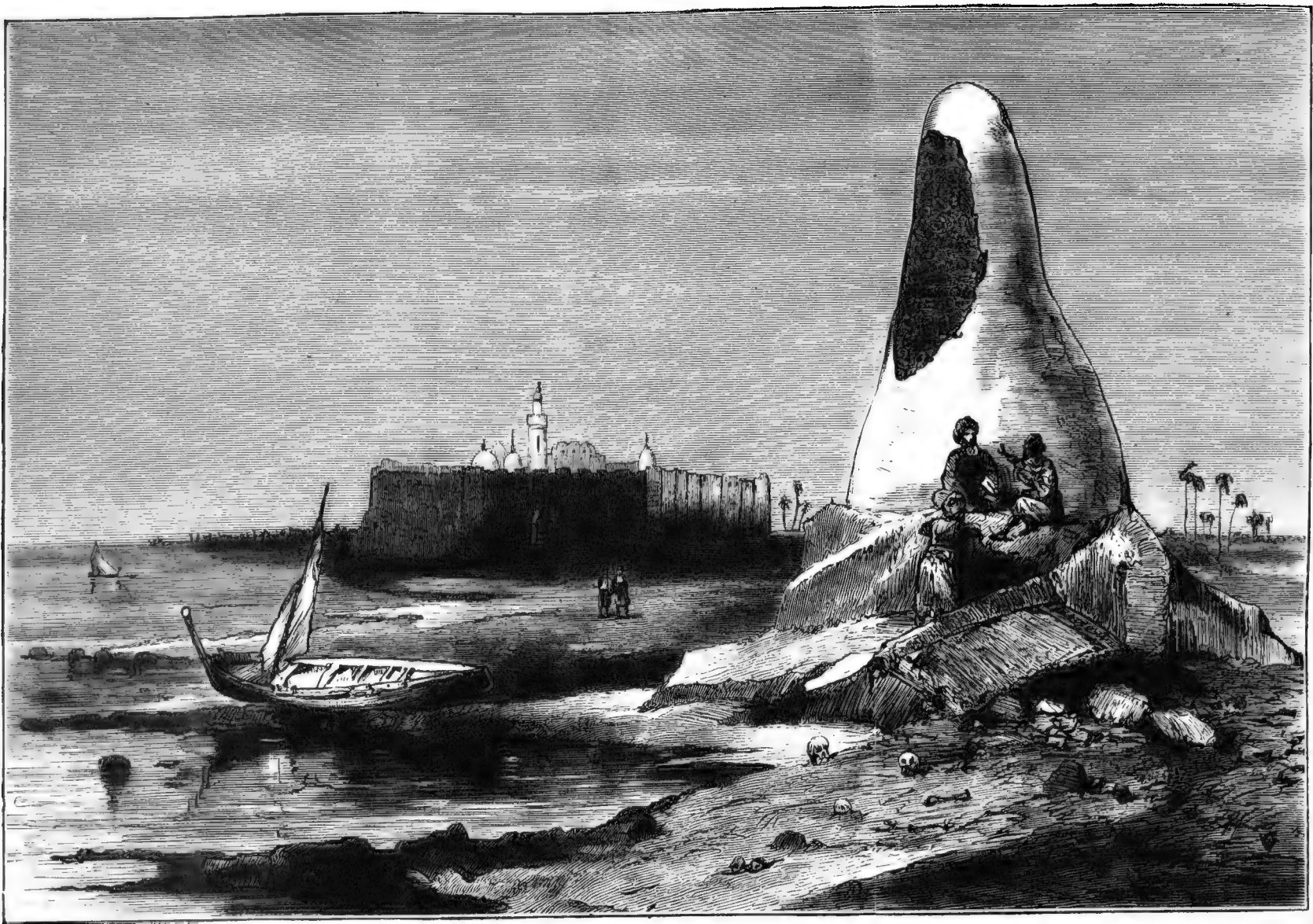
PERSONATING AN M.P.—Mr. J. O'Connor Power, M.P., has written to a contemporary saying that one of three men recently charged at the Westminster Police Court with disorderly conduct took advantage of his absence from town to use his address and the first and last portions of his name in order to screen himself. Mr. Power has communicated with the police, "and will make an effort to discover the creature who had not the courage to stand in his own name the consequences of his own folly."

AN ABSCONDING CLERK from Messrs. Littledale and Co.'s, Liverpool, who had gone off after embezzling 20,000l. belonging to the firm, has been arrested in Ireland, disguised as a Roman Catholic priest.

A STRANGE CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY came before the Manchester stipendiary the other day, when a man named Bell was summoned to show cause why he should not contribute to the support of his mother, who had become chargeable to the parish. The woman swore most positively to him as her son, but was unable to give the date of her marriage with his father, or to say where he died or was buried. She admitted, moreover, that she had lost sight of her son since he was ten years old, and had thought that he was dead, until a few weeks ago, when she and her present husband met him driving a cart which had the name, "Robert Bell," painted upon it. On the other hand the defendant denied all relationship with her, and said that he had been brought up in the workhouse, and that his mother, who had deserted him when he was only two years old, had since been drowned while on a voyage to America. His statement was corroborated by the evidence of an aunt, and the summons was accordingly dismissed.

THE GREAT STRIKE OF NAILMAKERS.—The most formidable strike that has taken place for a considerable time is just now announced as having been determined on by the nail-makers belonging to Wolverhampton and its neighbourhood. The number of malcontents who have after deliberation declined to "take out iron" is said to reach twenty-six thousand. It is to be hoped that the nail trade is in a condition to bear the heavy strain the operatives have resolved to put on it—thirty per cent. on their present wages—or at least that some arrangement may be made by which so sad a calamity as twenty-six thousand bread-winners out of work within a circuit of a few miles may be avoided. It is announced that several hundreds of the strike hands have set their hearts on a job that at this time of year must be more pleasant, though probably less remunerative, than hammering and sweating in a smithy. They have betaken themselves to the hopfields of Worcestershire and Herefordshire, and it is to be hoped they will not be disappointed. If they are not they will be luckier than thousands who sought the same occupation in our home counties. A week ago the neighbourhood of several of the largest hop-growers in Kent presented the deplorable sight of hundreds of families lingering and lying about, miles from home, hungry, and houseless. Under the most favourable conditions the supply of labour would this year have far exceeded the demand, but as it happened Kentish hops went to the utter bad with such alarming suddenness, and after the burr was set, that the business of picking was thrown into considerable confusion. The hops of Hereford may, of course, be better behaved, but at best it will be but a short respite for those who ceasing "to strike while the iron is hot" will possibly be compelled to go on "striking" after their own fashion when all the fires are out and the iron stone cold. Of course, there will be something of a weekly pay table for those who have turned out, or there would be no sense at all in trade unionism, and provided the strike is of long continuance, every man, doggedly staunch to his pledged word, will go on taking the insufficient dole without flinching. He will probably make a point of demonstrating his cheerful willingness and ability to "keep out" a bit longer by spending a shilling out of the six or seven he receives in beer along with his mates. But if one might take the liberty of accompanying the man home after one of these visits to head-quarters, and see his home shorn of all its little comforts, and could observe the painfully anxious face of his wife as she asks the momentous question, "Well, Bill, any chance of a settlement, lad," and how woefully chapfallen the poor soul looks as she hears his sullen, hopeless, "No, lass," the true state of affairs would be more truthfully revealed.

BEGGARS IN BERLIN have become most importunate and numerous of late, there being much misery among the poorer classes of the German capital. Over 26,000 mendicants were taken up by the police last year.



PYRAMID OF SKULLS AT DJERBA



THE CITY OF ALGIERS



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDEN, A.R.A.

A stalwart man, bareheaded, clasped the rescued child to his breast with one arm, and pointed back authoritatively with the other.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER LXIV.

FACE TO FACE

THE sound that evoked the Countess's exclamation was something more than an explosion; it was a shock. A shock so sudden, so violent, that it seemed as if the whole front of the house was being driven in.

Every one in the room rose, and hurried to the windows.

If they had seen Vesuvius rent from top to bottom, and a sea of lava rushing straight upon Naples, it would scarcely have surprised them. But except that where three villages were blazing awhile ago there now were four, the general aspect of the eruption was not greatly altered.

They all stood waiting; breathless; wondering what would happen next.

"Did you feel the floor heave?"

"Did you hear that cracking noise?"

"It was as if a thunderbolt had burst!"

Then the waiter was questioned. What place was that which had last caught fire? Which was San Sebastiano? Which was Massa di Somma? The man, being confused and unnerved, made such random answers as he could. The fourth fire must be at Pollena, the village next beyond Massa di Somma. That was Massa di Somma in the middle—that was San Sebastiano to the right—lower down the mountain on this side, near Naples, was San Giorgio a Cremano. He could not tell how many inhabitants there were in San Sebastiano; perhaps two or three thousand. Massa di Somma was a big place—much bigger than San Sebastiano, with three or four times as large a population. But they had all fled. There were no people left in those burning houses. Where were they gone? *Ecco!*—the city was full of them; the ships in the harbour were full of them; the convents and hospitals, the barracks and churches were all full of them. Why, the Commissary of Police was here not half-an-hour ago—in the landlord's bureau downstairs—and he was heard to say that fifty thousand refugees had come into Naples within the last twelve hours!

All at once, Mr. Fink looked at his watch, and said that it was half-past nine and time for him to be gone.

Whereupon it came out that, having already watched the descent of the lava from its cradle at the head of that grim ravine between the cone and Monte Somma known as the Atrio del Cavallo, he desired now to trace its further course along the mountain side. He accordingly proposed driving as far as a place called Santa Anastasia, on the north-western slope of Vesuvius, and thence making his way to the brink of the great lava-lake on that upper level,

or platform, locally styled "the first plain." For this excursion, he had bespoken the services of the hotel-guide and ordered a light one-horse carretta, which must even now be waiting for him in the courtyard. Would Lord Brackenbury accept the second seat in the carretta, and go with him?

To which Lancelot replied that there was nothing he should like better.

The Countess was charmed. That bad husband of hers had refused to let her accompany him; and to be left alone in the hotel would have been really horrid. But now it was *autre chose!* Now she should have dear Lady Brackenbury all to herself; and they would watch the eruption together till these gentlemen came back. It would be quite delightful!

Winifred said nothing. Had they been alone, she would have implored her husband not to venture; but she was too young a wife, and too shy, to interpose before these strangers.

Mr. Fink divested himself of his watch, chain, and purse, and gave them into the Countess's keeping.

"Pickpockets and footpads are never particularly rare and curious objects in this part of the world," he said; "and to-night they will be out by thousands. I recommend you, Lord Brackenbury, to do as I am doing."

So, emptying his loose silver into his waistcoat pocket, Lancelot followed Mr. Fink's example.

"You will not run into danger, Lancelot!" whispered Winifred, laying one trembling hand upon his arm.

"No, no, my darling; of course not."

"And you will come back—soon?"

"As soon as I can; but I go as a guest, remember."

He pressed her hands hurriedly between his own. Then Mr. Fink handed him down his hat, and with a brief "good-bye," he was gone.

The invitation was so suddenly given and accepted, and the whole thing passed so rapidly, that Winifred scarcely realised it till she found herself standing with Countess Castelrosso upon a little balcony outside the middle window of the *salle-à-manger*. From hence, they presently saw the carretta emerge from the hotel-yard; the guide on the box beside the driver; Lancelot and Mr. Fink looking up and lifting their hats as they passed the window. The next moment, carriage and occupants were engulfed in a surging stream of vehicles, and lost to sight.

For a long time the two women stayed there, watching the crowd and the mountain. The atmosphere was as stagnant and oppressive as if they had been standing under the dome of a huge conservatory. The quay below seemed paved with heads. And what with the

reflected glare on sea and sky, and what with the light from street-lamps and carriage-lamps and open windows (every house being lit from top to bottom, and every window crowded), the whole outside spectacle was as visible as if seen by the lurid light of a stormy sunset. Vesuvius, meanwhile, looking frightfully near, seemed enveloped in a fiery lacework; while all along that line of fated villages, the flames were distinctly seen stalking from point to point—the houses catching fire one after another, like rows of nutshells; each house looking for a few moments as if all its windows were illuminated; then blazing up like a bonfire; then crashing in, sending up a shower of sparks, and crumbling to cinders. There was a dreadful fascination about these burning houses which, unseen till overtaken by their doom, started into sight in lines of fire, and vanished by the light of their own destruction.

But Naples—careless, pleasure-loving Naples—could not long be sad, even though the mountain was thundering at her gates, and the lava working its dread will before her very windows. Already the first shock of awe was spent; already the populace had begun once more to carouse and make merry. The theatres, it is true, were closed, but the wine-shops were open; and as night advanced, the customary hubbub of fiddling, thrumming, singing, and castanet-playing broke out even more madly than usual among the waterside purlieus of the city.

Then a strange incident occurred. In the midst of all this ghastly gaiety, in the midst of all this tumult of wheels, and feet, and voices, and revelry, there came a lull; such a lull as befalls sometimes in the crisis of a tornado. And then, suddenly, there was a flare of torches and a sound of penitential chanting; and there appeared, marching with measured tread, a procession of priests and acolytes. One bore aloft a blackened oil-painting in a tawdry frame; the rest carried torches, and candles, and breviaries. And still as they approached, followed by a vast concourse of the poorest of the population, the crowd parted, fell upon its knees, burst into shrieks and wailings and lamentations, and swelled with its thousand voices this dolorous litany:—

Sancto Januario, ora pro nobis!

They passed; and the procession swept out of sight with its wild following. And then the crowd closed up behind, and the carriages moved on, and the jollity and revelry broke out afresh.

"So Nero sang when Rome was burning!" said Countess Castelrosso. "But, at least, he put on his tragic robes and sang of Troy in flames. These contemptible Neapolitans look upon Vesuvius as a big cracker, let off for their amusement!"

Then, settling herself in an easy chair by the open window—for

they had now gone upstairs to Winifred's room on the third floor—she added, with a coaxing smile:—

"You are sure you don't mind letting me stay here with you, dear Lady Brackenbury, till our wandering husbands come back?"

"I should go beside myself with terror, if I were alone," Winifred replied.

"Oh, all night, I dare say."

"All night!"

The Countess laughed.

"Dear Lady Brackenbury, does that horrify you? Think of the distance—think of the state of the roads—the crowds—the confusion—the difficulty."

"And the danger!"

"Oh, as to that, I don't believe there is much danger. One is too apt to talk of the lava as if it were a raging torrent; but it doesn't move very fast, after all. How fast, Lady Brackenbury? Well, perhaps after the rate of a mile, or a mile-and-a-half, an hour—but then something must be allowed for the differences in the ground. Those streams that we see flowing down the cone run faster, of course, than the lava in the Atrio del Cavallo."

"And where do you think they are by this time? Where is Santa Anastasia?"

"Ah, my dear Lady Brackenbury, now you puzzle me! Santa Anastasia is a long way off—far beyond San Sebastiano and Massa; but although I saw it to-day from the Observatory, I could not give you the least idea of its whereabouts. And as for *ces messieurs*, I don't suppose they know where they are themselves!"

After this—the Countess being too tired to talk, and Winifred too anxious—the conversation flagged; and by and by, despite the trembling of the floors and the shaking of the windows, the fair American fell fast asleep.

Still Winifred waked and watched; still the idle world of Naples came and went; while yonder, rushing up from the burning heart of "the great globe itself," rose and fell and overflowed that terrible fountain of fire. A glowing roof of smoke had spread, meanwhile, over plain and bay; and all the sky was reddened, and the houses and the shipping were lighted, and the stars were extinguished, by that lurid canopy which half obscured and half revealed the horrors of the night.

And where were they all this time? The Countess guessed rightly, when she conjectured that "*ces Messieurs*" themselves would hardly be able to answer that question. Where, indeed! Driving hither and thither, backwards and forwards, in gloom, and confusion, and haste; starting first for Santa Anastasia by way of the high road, and when within half a mile of Ponticelli, being turned back by a party of mounted carabinieri—returning as far as Barra—taking to the by-roads, and making for San Sebastiano—getting so near that they can feel the hot blast off the lava, and see the fire playing in tongues of flame along the vines—then being again driven back by mounted guards—plunging into a labyrinth of lanes—making a long détour for La Cercola, a fifth village, almost down in the valley, upon which the lava is now fast descending—sticking fast in a "block" of carts and waggons, in some of which whole families are passing the night—alighting and leaving the driver to his fate, with instructions to take the carriage back, if possible, to Barra, to await their return—starting off on foot with the guide, and following their leader across country—clambering over fences and stone walls—dashing recklessly through patches of standing corn—threading the dusky mazes of vineyards and mulberry orchards—coming out into the yards of a deserted farm-house—discovering that they have all this time been bearing too far to the northward—tracking up the bed of a dry torrent—scaling a hill-side planted with ancient olive-trees, and emerging close under the walls of a large building which looms dark against the red glare in the sky. Here, breathless and baffled, they pause to reconnoitre.

"Where the devil are we?" shouts Lancelot, impatiently; and, shout as he may, it is with difficulty that he makes himself heard.

"You seem to know as little of the country as we do."

The guide, putting both hands to his mouth, shouts back that this must be the Convent of the Cappuccini.

"What Cappuccini?"

"The Cappuccini of San Lorenzo."

"What is San Lorenzo? A village?"

The guide shakes his head.

"A district. Farms—woods—vineyards. Convent property."

Then, pointing higher, he is understood to say that there is a terrace above, from which the Signori may see the lava, the burning towns, the first plain—everything. Let them follow him.

So, through a tangle of bushes and briars, they climb the last steep bit, and emerge upon a platform outside the convent gates. Here, huddled under the walls, they find a little crowd of fugitive country folk, chiefly women and children, to whom a couple of monks are distributing a dole of food and wine.

Hot, thirsty, tired, the two Englishmen and their guide thankfully accept their share of the charity. Their arrival attracts no attention. Their appearance—though Lancelot has lost his hat, and all three have hands and clothes torn by the briars, and boots cut to pieces by the stones—excites no surprise. Are they not refugees, like the rest?

The convent stands high on the extreme point of a spur of Monte Somma. The plain and city of Naples, the bay from Portici to Ischia, the whole mountain-side, from Santa Anastasia on the east to the Hermitage on the west, are visible from the terrace outside its gates. But to-night one half of that panorama is blotted out in darkness; the other half shut off by a curtain of smoke and fire. For, standing here aloft and in safety, those on the terrace look down upon the whole terrible scene. Yonder, from the gates of the Atrio del Cavallo, pouring forth as from the very mouth of hell, they behold the whole course of that rolling river of lava. Swelled by hundreds of affluents, it spreads to right and left as it rushes out upon the upper plain—it widens into a vast, heaving, red-hot, semi-fluid sea—it spills over in long reaches of fire which flow down towards the valley, devouring all before them. That river is two miles broad at its widest flowing, and where the suburbs of La Cercola are blazing, the lava has ploughed its way through vineyards six miles from its source.

Even now, as they look upon it, the lava above La Cercola is seen to divide; and, dividing, sends a thin red stream in the direction of the cultivated slopes at the foot of the spur on which the convent stands.

At this sight, a panic-stricken cry goes up from the little crowd upon the terrace. They are all San Lorenzo folk; and when the lava bore down upon La Cercola, they made sure that their own vineyards and olive-woods were safe. Now only Our Lady and the Blessed Saints can save their homes, their crops, their all!

The women fall on their knees, weeping; the men clench their teeth and their fists; the friars stand mute. Their lands are doomed. It is the will of Heaven.

Already that thin red stream has widened to a river, and is fast rolling onward. Are there no Christian souls under those roofs yonder—in that homestead beyond the mulberry orchard—in that house among the vines? Where is Andrea Petrucelli? He was here a moment ago. Where is his brother Gaetano? See!—there they go; racing like madmen down the hill-side.

Great God! their mother is at the farm. Their mother, the widow Francesca Petrucelli; their wives; their sisters—all their womenkind!

The next moment, every man who was upon that terrace is rushing down to give what help he can. The guide, hastily binding a handkerchief about his own head, gives his slouch

hat to Lancelot. They get along as they can; running, jumping, stumbling over the broken ground. Emerging, lower down, from the gloom of the olive-wood, they cross the torrent-bed up which they climbed just now. But between this point and the Petrucelli-farm, there is still a mile or more of vineyards.

Mr. Fink follows, incredulous. That people not raving mad should stay in their houses in the face of a peril such as this, seems to him impossible. But Lancelot knows better. Lancelot knows the obstinate fatalism, the blind superstition, with which the Vesuvian peasant clings to his own four walls. He sprinkles his threshold with holy water and believes that the fever cannot pass it, though his neighbours are dying close by. He sets up a little image of the Madonna on his vineyard-fence, confident that the lava will turn aside and spare it.

Meanwhile they plunge on, trampling the green grapes; leaping the boundaries; making straight for the more distant mulberry orchards, beyond which rises a great light, like the light of a forest on fire.

Now they are breathing sulphur and smoke; and now, suddenly, they are looking down upon a burning house, surrounded by stacks, and barns and outbuildings in flames. Behind those stacks and barns, behind those poplars, which look like obelisks of fire, there comes a steadily advancing wave of incandescent lava, red as molten metal, wide as the river Sella in the plains of Paestum, higher than twice the height of the tallest man. It comes, neither flowing nor rolling, but unbrokenly, like a moving embankment propelled from behind; unheating, unrelenting, irresistible as fate.

But there is no time to gaze—no time to think! Yonder, driven at full gallop, goes a cart crowded with woman and children; and here, darting to and fro across the yards, are a number of men (they look like sailors!) saving what they can of household goods and farming implements. The house seems full of fire; but against that end-window stands a ladder.

There is a man at the window! A man with something—a child, surely!—in his arms. He comes down quickly, steadily.

Leaping the last gate at a bound, the two Englishmen make for the open, meeting him half-way.

"Are there still any to be saved?"

A stalwart man, bareheaded, bearded, clasping the rescued child to his breast with one arm, pointing back authoritatively with the other. He seems to say "Go on!" But the roar of the flames and the thunder of the mountain drown all human sounds; and he rushes by unheard.

Unheard, but not unseen; for the light, though only for a second, fell full upon his face.

And Lancelot stands as if struck to stone.

It was grey dawn when Winifred, worn out with watching, fell at last into a troubled sleep. It was grey day—Vesuvius half-hidden under a heavy smoke-cloud, and the savage roar of the eruption subdued to a deep and distant thundering—when she awoke.

"Lancelot!"

Haggard and smoke-blackened, his clothes torn, his hands bleeding and blistered, he stood before her.

"Lancelot!—oh, thank God! Where is Mr. Fink! Where is the Countess?"

"She has this moment left the room. Fink is with her. He is all right—only a little burned and knocked about, like myself."

"Burned? Heavens! where have you been? But you are safe—safe!"

"Oh, yes; we are safe enough. We have been in no real danger; but . . . Winifred, I have something to tell you."

"Something to tell me? Why do you look like that? You frighten me . . . what is it?"

He took her hands in his. He dropped his voice to a whisper.

"I have seen him—Cuthbert—my brother—face to face!"

NOTICE.—Next week we shall publish the conclusion (or Epilogue) of "LORD BRACKENBURY."



"STEADFAST UNTO DEATH: a Tale of the Irish Famine of To-day," by Mrs. Berens (1 vol., Remington and Co.).—The plot of this tragic anecdote is dramatically imagined, and the story fairly well told. Indeed, in the exceedingly unpleasant episode which serves for the climax, where the husband, wrongfully suspecting his wife of unfaithfulness, strikes her in anger, and finds that his blow has fallen upon an already dead body, there is more power of treatment than such an incident deserves. Scarcely less forced is the self-sacrifice of the supposed lover, who lets himself be hanged for the murder of a land-agent really committed by the husband. Altogether, the story is not particularly characteristic of the Ireland either of to-day or of yesterday. The scene might be laid, without any reference to a famine, in almost any country at almost any time; it throws no new light upon the event with which it professes to deal; and no number of conventional "ochs" can give more than a pretence of national colouring. Apart from what must therefore be considered an obvious, and no doubt very pardonable, attempt to give immediate importance to a title-page, and from a certain monotony of gloom, the story is interesting in itself, and deserves a good place upon its merits as a dramatic, not to say theatrical, outline.

"The Shadow of a Life: a Girl's Story," by Beryl Hope (3 vols., W. H. Allen and Co.).—Ella Hamilton, who describes her "Life's Shadow" in the first person, is a familiar and typical example of the autobiographical heroine. She is so exceptionally lovely and charming as to make the ordinary reader, whose sphere of imagination she altogether transcends, mistake her for a very disagreeable, overbearing, conceited, ill-tempered, and unmannerly young person, with a decided turn for eavesdropping and reading other people's letters. It is of course a very difficult thing, as everybody who has ever tried to write a story in the first person knows, to get on without these last-named unpleasant tricks: almost as difficult as to dissociate conceit and self-consciousness from the perilous pronoun "I." But unfortunately these difficulties, unless triumphantly overcome, are fatal to sympathy; and Ella Hamilton, or rather Beryl Hope, makes no attempt to overcome them. The other characters, whether principal or subordinate, are shadowy; while, on the other hand, very disproportionate prominence and elaboration of treatment are given to the slices of toast and the cups of tea they consume. No doubt even a cup of tea may be of artistic consequence to a complicated plot, but as a general rule it may be set down as of more importance in real life than in fiction. It so happens that the plot of "The Shadow of a Life" is exceedingly complicated, and, for that reason alone, maintains the interest due to unsatisfied curiosity; but Beryl Hope's extreme indulgence in insignificant details, as exemplified by her toast and tea, goes far to dull even the edge of curiosity about the fortunes of her very self-satisfied but unattractive heroine.

"Charlie: a Waif's History," by Mrs. Woodward (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley).—"Charlie" is also an autobiographer. He is certainly a sort of waif, in so far as he never, even in the last chapter, discovers the secret of his birth; but he is an amazingly lucky one, whom everybody adopts or pushes in every way, from the village schoolmaster, who educates him, to the aristocratic rector,

who eagerly gives his only daughter in marriage to the nameless foundling. Charlie certainly deserves all his good luck, and seldom misses an opportunity of letting us know what a fine and noble fellow he is, and how he made a point of sacrificing self to duty without losing his reward. He plays upon his own trumpet so frankly and unaffectedly as to make the performance hardly less unpleasant to the reader than to Charlie. There is not much in the novel, either of good or otherwise, but it is sufficiently interesting to suit an easily-contented reader, while only the most deliberately discontented would care to find ground for blaming so simply and easily written a tale.

"Donna Perfecta: a Tale of Modern Spain," by B. Peres Galdos, translated by D. P. W. (1 vol.: Samuel Tinsley).—Either the author or the translator—or more probably both together—must be held accountable for a certain spasmodic incoherency which makes this tale of modern Spain decidedly difficult to comprehend. It is quite impossible to suppose that even in so imperfectly known a country as Spain the people commonly talk in that high romantic style which Don Quixote was the only man of his own day to apply to every-day uses, and which in our own country is only to be found in a sort of fiction that is by no means worth the trouble of translation. Moreover, unless it be true that priests and ladies conspire, quite as a matter of course, to hire assassins in order to get rid of people whom they happen to dislike, however causelessly, then Don Peres Galdos and his English translator have combined to paint a decidedly slanderous picture of modern Spain. A natural objection to priestly interference with worldly matters is no doubt the keynote of the novel; but it has never been held that the true danger of such interference consists in the liability of its victims to be stabbed with real and literal daggers. If it did, it would very soon cease to be alarming, even in the most bigoted of nations. The plot of the novel is exceptionally uninteresting, and the characters excessively stagey and unreal. A peculiarity, for which the author alone is responsible, is an extreme antipathy which he seems to entertain for people who have the misfortune to have sallow complexions. But "D. P. W." must share whatever credit can be given him for the style of the concluding chapter, which, by reason of its brevity, we may quote entire—"This history is finished. We therefore at present are not able to say more about the people who seem so good, but are not so really." The passage can scarcely have been particularly effective in the original; as it stands, and coming after so many high flights of fine language, it is like nothing but the fall of the stick of a rocket that was never worth sending up, and is about as lame a bit of English prose as we remember to have seen anywhere.



II.

A FLAVOUR of the holiday season pervades this month the greater number of our magazines. It is, of course, an undesigned coincidence that the September chapters of Mr. Black's nearly finished romance of "White Wings" in the *Cornhill* should contain one of his best word-pictures of yachts straining at anchor under the lee of a Hebridean isle or seeking to escape the coming "equinoctials" through the narrow windings of a Highland sea-loch.—Besides this, however, "T. E. K." discourses of "Game" and the probable effects of recent legislation in the spirit of a sportsman of the elder school when men (and dogs) were contented to work hard for a dozen brace or so at the day's close, and the farmer thought himself sufficiently repaid for damage done his crops by a hare left at the farm-house "for the feast," and by the reflected radiance of Oxford or of "London town" thus casually cast across his rustic path. Like the Duke of Richmond, "T. E. K." believes that new laws will not work great changes, and that hares and rabbits will not perish out of the land. Who knows, indeed, but that the farmer if he has full liberty to kill may not become an even stricter game-preserver than the landlord?—Mr. Grant Allen, in his "Origin of Sculpture," makes a good point in showing the influence of the material employed on the gradual developments of plastic art. Would Greece, for instance, have won her facile supremacy so readily if the Hellene had had to work in Egyptian granite *à la* Parian marble, and are not the slighter differences between Assyrian and Egyptian sculptors largely due to the material differences of the stone they used? All this, of course, may be pressed too far, and Mr. Grant Allen himself apparently forgets that bronze, which was the favourite material wherever possible of the best and earliest Greek sculptors, was at least as much within reach of the wealthy Egyptian as of the Greek.—An "entertaining and instructive" paper of "Gossip About Madeira" and the adjacent islet groups of the "Desertas;" and a rambling Dry-as-dust essay on the "Seamy Side of Literature," or the quarrels and the miseries of bygone generations of authors, make up a number of fairly average attractions.

In an "Autumn in the Côte d'Or," Miss M. Betham-Edwards guides the readers of *Fraser* along some of the many pleasant excursions which Dijon and its environs offer to the visitor, from the heights of Mont Afrique for lovers of pretty scenery, to the Penitentiary of Cîteaux for the devotees of Social Science, and of that special branch thereof which deals with the reformation of young criminals.—In the "Romance of the First Radical" Mr. Andrew Lang turns his knowledge of early myths to good account for a humorous "pre-historic apologue" of the birth and fortunes of that pestilent being, Why-Why, in the earlier stages of his evolution.—A typical Scot and journalist is fairly depicted, ere yet his name has faded from people's memories, by Mr. H. G. Graham, in his "Russel of the *Scotsman*," though a passing allusion to the late James Hannay—a man of genius such as Mr. Russel could hardly be said to be—might quite as well have been amended or omitted in the interests alike of taste and grammar.

The continuation of Mrs. Oliphant's pleasing, if unexciting, story is perhaps, this month, the most attractive matter in *Macmillan*.—Most valuable, if not most readable, of the other papers is Mr. Eugene Schuyler's "A Turkish Historian of a War with Russia," an account, with extracts, of Resmî Ahmed Effendi and his *Islâski-İhtibar*, or Compendium of Observations on the war which ended with the peace of Kutluk Kainardji. Turkish warfare A.D. 1770 and A.D. 1878 are in essential points so much alike that old Resmî Ahmed's notes have still almost a living interest, though the Suleimans of to-day are no longer beheaded at Adrianople, like the Emîns of 1770; and a modern Turkish writer, after giving seven good reasons for the failure of a campaign, might possibly omit to add as eighth and greatest the commencement of operations "at the very time when the planet under which the Sultan was born began to enter the sign of Cancer."

"Life in the Homeric Age," a well-written essay on the conditions of domestic life, the standard of morality, and the ideas of a world beyond the grave which ruled in Hellas at the time when, whether a blind Homer lived or no, Cyclic poets at any rate composed, and wandering rhapsodists recited, lays of "Achilles' wrath" and "Odysseus' wanderings" to audiences whose ways and thoughts were represented in each line, is the best paper to our taste in a not very strong number of *Temple Bar*.—"A Lay of Cyprus," telling how Venus Aphrodite died at the coming of "Regenerate Woman," is a clever piece of versification.

SEPT. 18, 1880

Belgravia for September is a more than usually attractive number. "Finkelkind," a Child's Story, by "Ouida," is very charming, but a little too unreal. Ordinary imagination collapses altogether before the conception, even in Tyrol, of a nineteenth-century Finkelkind.—Mrs. Macquoid, who led us last month into Belgium, takes us now back across the frontier to the castles and legends of the "Heart of the Ardennes;" while Mr. Alfred Rimmer, in a new number of "Our Old Country Towns," shows us how much of old-world rustic beauty is to be found even yet in unromantic Staffordshire.—The "Leadon Casket" grows decidedly interesting.

"In the Snake Room at Feeding Time"—a graphic account of a scene at the "Zoo," at which Society professes to be shocked, though Society, in fact, enjoys intensely the "piling up of the agony" as the placid submission of the cold-blooded frog or the hardihood of the too daring rat are succeeded by the terrors of the gentle guinea pig and the noisy remonstrance of the innocent duck, and—*modico intervallo*—a "Day on Dartmoor and a Night" are the most striking papers in *Time*.—The *Victorian Review* for August has only one article on Colonial subjects, though this, the "Decay of Matrimony in Victoria," with the Editor's suggested remedy—the erection, namely, by Victorian Fathers, of two grand hotels on the American plan, where young couples can be "boarded out" until Benedict (now deterred from marrying by the expense of an establishment) makes money enough to take a house—is at any rate amusing.—A "Menacing Comet," by R. H. Proctor, a dismal forecast of what may happen if a certain comet, not very far away, fall head, body, and train into the sun, and that luminary blaze up, as did the so-called "new star" in the Northern Crown in 1866; and Signor Castelar's "Affairs of Europe," will also repay perusal.

Chambers's All the Year Round, *The Theatre* are all fair numbers, though something of the deadness of the theatrical season is reflected perhaps in the last.—Interest deepens rapidly in the "Mysteries of Heron Dyke," the chief serial in the little *Argosy*. The "Burgomaster's Daughter," too, in the same number, is a very pleasing novelette.

The Pen this month shows a great improvement. The chief features are an important article by Mr. D. C. Boulger, *apropos* of Colonel Grodekoff's "Ride from Samarcand to Herat," and a characteristic review by Mr. Wyke Bayliss of Mr. Poynter's "Handbook of Classical and Italian Painting."—"Carrant Brook" is a clever imitation of the old Border ballad; and a little-known poetess, Mrs. Bowen Graves, author of the popular song "My Queen," is the subject of a sympathetic notice. Besides these varied contents and numerous reviews of current books there is a *résumé* of Mr. Ruskin's "Fiction—Fair and Foul," the serial is continued, and an exciting story called "A Plagiarism"—which term it seems is a Mexican euphemism for kidnapping—commences a series of "Mexican Notes." Altogether it is a remarkably varied and interesting number.

SOME RURAL SOUNDS

THE quiet of the country is a supreme luxury. After the roar and rattle and thundering din of the town, it may truly be said to be a blessed quiet; and, if we may accept the derivation of the word quiet, through the Latin *quietus*, from the Greek *kelmai*, "to lie down as at rest," it denotes a true repose—a rest that may be obtained in spots

Far remote
From such unpleasing sounds as haunt the ear
In village or in town, the bay of curs
Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infants clamorous, whether pleas'd or pain'd.

The poet Cowper very dearly loved the peaceful quiet of the country; but he confessed that out of that quiet came certain sounds that pleased his ear in his rural retreat.

Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature.

Such sounds as these included the rush of the mighty winds through the woods, the roar of the distant floods, the softer voice of fountains and hills, and the melodies of the song-birds. Byron said

'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters;

and the author of "The Task" wrote,

Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated Nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.

Even the cawing rooks, and screaming jays, and chattering magpies, and hooting owls had charms for him, because, although "sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh," they were heard in scenes where peace for ever reigned. Beattie, in one of his poems on "The Melodies of Morning," enumerates many rural sounds that were pleasing to his ear; the babbling brook; the lowing herd; the sheep-bell's tinkle; the hum of bees; the milkmaid's song; the ploughman's whistle; the whirring flight of the partridge; the songs of the linnet, lark, and stock-dove; and various other sounds, including that of

The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley.

This was a rural sound of which Dr. Beattie appeared to be fond—at any rate on paper and in a poem; for, in "The Minstrel," he describes his poor Edwin as being "no vulgar boy," and that

Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.

The "short pipe" now favoured by our modern swains is of a very different description, and must be classed among rural smells, and not sounds.

To the dweller in town the change to the country is a change from bustle to tranquillity, from noise to quiet, from restlessness to repose. Calmness and stillness would seem to be a part and parcel of rural scenes; and Sir Walter Raleigh even recognised in them the nurseries of mirth:—

Dlest, silent groves! O, may ye be
For ever Mirth's best nursery!

But, in dwelling upon the grateful quietude of the country, we often forget that "little rift within the lute"—that tiny cloud in the bright heaven of sunshine—the sounds that are peculiar to rural scenes, but which do not always fall gratefully upon the listening ear. I do not go so far as to refer to those "drunken howlings" of which Cowper speaks in a memorable passage—the noise of sots returning from the village ale-house and making night hideous—or such noises as were made by Bowzybeus, in Gay's parody-pastoral, "The Shepherd's Week." Nor do I speak of the buzzing of gnats and English mosquitoes; nor do I refer to such sounds as those that are mentioned in the familiar lines,—

At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove.

Though, with regard to the latter rural sound, I have heard of a housemaid who gave her mistress notice that she must at once leave her service; and could assign no other reason for doing so than that she was kept awake all the night by the nightingales in full song in her master's garden.

Let me instance a few rural sounds to which objection might be made. For example, the perpetual clack of the mill may be music to the miller, but it is sadly wearying to the person who is out of health, and whose nerves are in consequence somewhat unstrung.

Dr. Mackay, in his "Forty Years' Recollections," speaking of John Leech, and the tortures that he suffered when in town from organ-grinders, railway whistles, and the sudden discharge of firearms, says that Mr. F. M. Evans, one of the proprietors of *Punch*, took Leech with him to spend a quiet week in the country. The next morning he found the artist packing up his portmanteau and preparing to depart. "I cannot stay here any longer!" said Leech; "the noise drives me frantic!" "What noise?" inquired his host. "The gardener whetting his scythe," replied Leech. "It goes through my ears like a corkscrew!"

In the amusing scene in Mr. Hardy's story, "The Trumpet-Major," where Miss Johnson is introduced to Miller Loveday's household, the town-bred young lady almost faints when the cow Crumpler, just behind her back, suddenly and loudly proclaims her desire to be milked; and when the trumpet-call of the Dragoons on the down is heard, she exclaims, "Oh dear, dear; more hideous country sounds, I suppose?"

The crow-boy, firing his pistol or blunderbuss, or wielding his rattle and shouting himself hoarse, is a scarer to others than birds. The ploughman's song, curiously interspersed with directions to his team, is only amusing when its words can be heard as a piece of cross-reading: "I says to her, my dearest gurl—Coom up, Smoiler!—O give me of your hair a curl—Goo on, Di'mond!—With that she laughs and says, says she—Now then, Thumper!—What good'll my hair do to thee?—Woa then, Merryman!"

All these rural sounds were heard—and with much disfavour—by that same Mrs. Urban, the widow of a London tea-merchant, whose experience of "Some Rural Smells" has already been mentioned in these columns.* After the forty years that she had spent in the roar and rattle of the great City, she needed, as she said, "perfect repose;" and she believed that she had obtained it, when she took up her residence at Pomona Villa, in the sequestered village of Minima Parva, Blankshire. But the crowing of the cocks, and the bleating of the sheep, and the bellowing and lowing of the cows were far more plainly heard than she could have fancied, and were not such agreeable sounds as she had expected them to have been. From the dark fen the oxen's low came to her, as it did to Mariana in the Moated Grange; and the repetitions of the low had the effect of lowering her spirits; and, when a cow persisted in bellowing incessantly for an hour together at another cow over the hedge who made a similar noise, then Mrs. Urban's nerves began to give way. Similarly, two donkeys hee-hawing at each other from opposite banks were not the banks and brays that she associated in her ideas of country life.

This, however, was nothing to the noises caused by the threshing and winnowing on the adjacent farms; and, where they were old-fashioned enough to use the flail, its continued thumps and thwacks on the barn floor made her head ache.

Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destined ear.

But it also fell, in another sense, on another ear—and that was the ear of Mrs. Urban. The separation of the lambs from their "old ewe-mothers" is also another rural sound that is very trying to the sensitive ear. It goes on through all the day, and, what is worse, is continued through all the night; and their piteous bleatings and baaings awake the echoes, though it is but a faint noise in Blankshire, compared to that which Mrs. Urban would have heard on a similar occasion in the Cheviot country, where the flocks are so large. Then the sheep-shearing: was there ever a greater mistake than to suppose it to be either picturesque or poetical? Mrs. Urban found it to be intolerable to the ear, offensive to the eye, and equally offensive to her nose, which, although not very large, was extremely sensitive. Therefore, as regarded rural sounds and sights and smells, she was not quite so contented as was Clare's "Village Boy," who

Along the pasture hies,
With every smell, and sound, and sight beguill'd.

Which is a line that recalls Gilbert White's

Each rural sight, each sound, each smell, combine;

a combination that Mrs. Urban had to perfection in the sheep-shearing.

Then there was the occasional visit of the traction-engines and steam-ploughs, with their roarings and throbblings and rattlings and clatterings; and the all-day-long noise of the grass-cutting machine, as it cleared the hay-field. But the climax of noise was reached when "the steamer" came to the farm adjacent to Pomona Villa. From the first thing in the morning until it was quite dark, it was one continued hum-hum-hum, whizz-whizz-whizz, drum-drum-drum, with every now and then a prolonged and shrill shriek of agony to vary the monotony of the proceedings. On summoning Francis, her page, attired in a tight suit, with rows of roley-poley buttons, like turnips above the soil, this Blankshire youth, with his blankest aspect, would inform his mistress, in answer to her inquiry, "When that dreadful noise up at Mr. Jones's farm would cease?" that Mr. Jones expected to have done his threshing by the next evening, when the steamer would go on Mr. Brown's farm—which was on the other side of Pomona Villa—and, when done with there, would be taken to Mr. Robinson's farm, which was about the same distance off in another direction. Mrs. Urban could, therefore, only resign herself to her fate, and hope that a change of wind would carry the obnoxious noises in another direction.

During her forty years' residence in London Mrs. Urban had become accustomed to the twittering of the town sparrows, and had regarded them as most melodious song-birds. But when she got to Pomona Villa, and heard some bird cry "Jerker, jerker, jerker," for the space of three hours, while she sat at work at the open window, she was fain to condemn that iteration to which Falstaff prefixed a very forcible adjective. When "jerker" had done his part, he was succeeded by the chaffinch, with his persistent "peet, peet," which became to Mrs. Urban as obnoxious as the repeated cry of "O' clo!" was to Coleridge. "Why cannot you say old clothes?" the poet inquired of the Jewish buyer of cast-off garments. "Because," was the clear-voiced reply, "when you have to cry it hundreds of times in a day, it is far easier to say 'O' clo' than 'Old clothes.'" Perhaps the chaffinch had some similar reason for keeping to its monotonous chant, which was more dispiriting than the ugliest Gregorian. Even the double note of the plain-song cuckoo was livelier; especially when, towards the end of the season, he interpolated a third little stuttering or hiccupping note, "kookkookoo."

Mrs. Urban's neighbour, Mr. Brown, was a keeper of turkeys, which required very great care through the spring and summer to prepare them for the fattening for the Christmas market. In their delicate youth they had to be so carefully protected from the wet, that Mrs. Urban not only credited the testimony of Francis, her page, that they had their damp feet wrapped in flannel, but also that Mrs. Brown gave them airings on rainy days in a perambulator under the protecting shelter of an umbrella. There were five big turkeys and more than twenty small ones. The small ones wandered aimlessly to and fro, crying peet, peet, peet, peet, peet, not in the short jerky manner of the chaffinch, but in a high-pitched, whining, querulous, discontented tone, which wound up with a brief cluck, cluck, cluck, by way of chorus. Then they repeated their first verse, with the chorus. Then they encored themselves, and did it all over again; and so on, again and again. It was as long as the ballad of Chevy Chase, but not half so amusing; and the Baal-like repetition of that high-pitched peet,

* See *The Graphic*, July 31st.

peet, was most wearisome and dispiriting, disposing the most mercurial and light-hearted to a settled melancholy, and a wish that Christmas was come, and all those turkeys were eaten and done for. Then there were the old turkeys, father and mother—especially the father. The old gentleman went strutting about, rustling his wing-feathers on the ground, as though he were grinding a set of knives, and must complete the process with promptitude and despatch. As he strutted along his wattles got redder and redder; and he looked the very personification of inflated importance. He might have been the great Panjandrum with the little button atop; or a combination of Dickens's Bumble and John Reeves's Marmaduke Magog. Then, in the midst of his triumphal procession and knife-grinding, he would suddenly stop short and, drawing himself up to his fullest height (as the novelists say), he would burst into a fiendish chuckle. So, at least, it seemed to Mrs. Urban; but it might have been a laughing chorus, adapted to the senseless words, "Gobble-gobble-gobble," very rapidly uttered, which was all that Mrs. Urban could interpret, though she did not wonder at the North-country folk calling him "the Gobbly-jock."

These were some among the rural sounds that disturbed the perfect repose of Mrs. Urban when she first came to live at Pomona Villa, Minima Parva, Blankshire. Afterwards she became more accustomed to them, and adapted herself to the situation, even as the eels are said to become used to being skinned.

CUTHBERT BEDE

LADY CLERKS

SEVERAL fields of employment are open to those women who by reason of the large redundancy of their sex in this country are obliged to earn their own livelihood. There is, for instance, domestic service, wherein a comfortable living may easily be obtained, for the want of good servants is a fact too well known. They may also qualify for the "bar," not the legal, but that bar where they will have to plead the cause of drink, so to speak, with good looks and tasteful dress; the work is hard, or, at least, the hours are long, but perhaps not uncongenial, since women, as a rule, are susceptible of admiration, and, in many instances, to flirtation not averse. As sempstresses, milliners, flower-mongers, &c., employment for the skilful and adept can also without very great difficulty generally be found. But there are women above the class of those who would adopt such modes of living who are unhappily likewise poor, and require to support themselves. There are ladies, refined, educated, and cultured, who require to work, and for these teaching has hitherto formed the chief source of employment. Some, indeed, may be skilful enough to earn money by painting, drawing, or by etching, while others may have sufficient talent to make, if not a fortune, at least a modest income by their pen. But for the great majority of such reduced ladies the situation of governess has until recently presented itself as the most cheerful prospect. There are few who have not heard of, and, perhaps, shuddered at, the monotony, the weariness, and the drudgery involved in this kind of life; it cannot, therefore, have been without a feeling of satisfaction, and, indeed, pleasure, that those who have any interest at all in such ladies heard of the movement for opening a new field of labour to them in the capacity of clerks.

The experiment of employing ladies to perform clerk-work began under most favourable auspices, the initial step in this respect having, it may be said, been taken by the Government. When the electric telegraphs of this country were taken over by the Crown in 1870 the large number of 700 females was at once employed by the Post Office where, since that memorable occasion, their deft and delicate fingers have continued to manipulate and operate upon the various instruments in use at the Central Telegraph Station. But the Government have assisted much more than this in promoting the movement for employing lady-clerks. In the Post Office at the present time a large staff of ladies is engaged in actual clerk-work, and with great success, to whom we may profitably devote a moment. In 1871 Mr. Scudamore, once the bright particular star of the Post Office here, conceived the idea of setting as complete a check as possible upon the telegraph work of the provincial postmasters, and, speedily putting it into practice, he bethought himself of forming a "female staff" to perform the duty, considering that it was well within their capacity, because, as he naively remarked, "it chiefly consists in *fault finding*." The staff was accordingly formed, and attached to the Receiver and Accountant-General's Office of the Department under the official designation of the "Telegraph Clearing House," and the results were eminently satisfactory. The object of the new branch, we may briefly explain, was to examine at least one day's messages in every month, so as to establish a check upon the miscellaneous faults and errors which are apt to arise in transmitting the large number of telegrams which daily passes over the wires of this country. This check proved very salutary, as it led the various clerks throughout the kingdom to pay attention to the rules laid down with regard to the signalling of messages, and to use their best endeavours and utmost exertions in promptly despatching messages, carefully writing out the received telegrams, and expediting the delivery of messages to the best of their ability.

The success of the branch proved so great that work of a more important and even more clerical character has since been entrusted to the ladies of which it is composed, and who number about fifty at the present time. This work is connected with the Press Telegraph accounts, and the success of this step induced the authorities to follow it up by the establishment of a branch of lady-clerks in the Savings' Bank Department, where they are now employed to the number of about sixty upon work which formerly, we understand, devolved chiefly upon boy clerks, where the results of the experiment have been equally fruitful, we are glad to learn. In the Returned Letter Office a staff of forty ladies or more is also employed for the purpose of sending back to the writers certain classes of letters which the Post Office has not been able to deliver. The salaries enjoyed by the lady clerks in the various offices mentioned vary, of course, according to the classes in which they find themselves, but, roughly speaking, range from 30*l.* and 40*l.* to 100*l.* per annum. Having very briefly said thus much of the experience of Government in the matter of lady clerks, it may be of interest to add a few words on the commercial experience of the movement.

It was only natural that the experiment being made by the Government should attract the notice of commercial firms, especially as its practicability meant, of course, a saving in working expenses, and it was not long before several made a trial of lady-clerks. Their employment by lawyers for copying purposes is extensive, and their usefulness in this capacity is daily evidenced by the advertisements seeking law-copyists of this class which appear in the Press. The Prudential Assurance Company was one of the first to come to the front in making the experiment, and has for many years successfully employed a staff of about seventy ladies in its "Industrial Branch." The services of these ladies have given the greatest satisfaction, we are told, supplying admirably the place of boy clerks. Miss Emily Faithfull, that warm-hearted advocate of female labour, has long been engaged in this kind of work, and employs several ladies for clerical purposes at the Victoria Press, an institution which is, we may remark in passing, a standing illustration of what women are capable of doing. There are many other commercial institutions, such as, for instance, most of the great railway companies, we might mention, where the usefulness and fitness of ladies for clerk work have been successfully and satisfactorily proved. The few instances recorded are, however, sufficient for the purpose of showing that, so far as it has gone, the experiment of employing lady



LONDON SKETCHES—"CHANGING GUARD" AT THE HORSE GUARDS

clerks has met with the greatest success, a fact of which those who can view the question wholly free from bias will no doubt be glad to learn.

In clerkdom much opposition has as a matter of course always been displayed against the scheme, opposition that in our opinion is as needless as it is ungallant. So far as we have understood the movement it has never for a moment been the aim of the promoters in employing ladies as clerks to supplant men in this capacity. The idea is simply to allow ladies of education and refinement to earn a living by the performance of the simpler and perhaps more mechanical kinds of clerk-work. Hitherto such duties have been allotted to boy-clerks, and it will only be for their direct benefit, we venture to think, to be thus superseded, as they will probably thereby have the advantage of a few years more at school, a matter of considerable importance in an age when learning is at a premium, and when men must be cultured and highly educated in order to rise to any degree of eminence in the various professions of the world.

A. G. BOWIE



MR. BOYD KINNEAR's contribution to the land question, "Principles of Property in Land" (Smith and Elder) will naturally be read with great interest at a time like this. He is a most temperate advocate of great reforms; feeling that though "the basis of Right must be laid for expediency, what is expedient must finally be controlled by considering what is practicable." Land he holds to be on the same footing with other raw materials; instead of being specially limited, it is (he argues) the least limited of all commodities, far less so than the wheat which is grown on some of it or the gold which is found beneath a fraction of its surface. Moreover, it is destructible—a bit of special pleading worthy of a Scotch lawyer; for there really is no parallel between a burnt picture or broken vase and an exhausted field which rest will restore to something like its old fertility. "The distinction between land and every other form of material wealth (says he) is not objective, but subjective. Do away, therefore, with the law of primogeniture; and give every facility for transferring land to those who will evoke its maximum production." This maximum production being the main object, large estates are undesirable, for, under modern conditions of life, a large landlord is almost sure to be more or less an absentee. Small farms, too, yield better than large ones; this was seen during last year's depression, in which the small farmers suffered less than their bigger neighbours. In thus judging Mr. Kinnear is led astray, we think, by the case of the Channel Islands, between which and Ireland, for instance, a comparison is futile. Not only does he think *petite culture* best, but he maintains that corn can be grown and cattle reared at home cheaper than the Americans can possibly do either. But our great proprietors are highly cultured—a class whom it is very undesirable to lose; No (he replies), unless they live mostly in cities. They are a blessing to their tenants; No, again. Paternal government is but a despotism, a means of educating men to be able to stand alone. But who will patronise art if our big landowners disappear? Local museums and galleries, which will be speedily multiplied, will give ample patronage of the wholesomest kind. Shall the State then buy up all the great properties, and sell or lease them in small lots? No; for Government can't afford to pay three or more per cent. for what will only bring in two. For the same reason private companies cannot undertake the work. Both, moreover, would be bad landlords, having no means of distinguishing between one tenant and another. The remedy is to wholly free land from legal restraints, to abolish the power of mortgaging, and to limit the amount of land which may be bequeathed to one person. By this last rule you discourage large properties while not taking away the motive for accumulation. Opposition to such changes will not come, we are told, from the old families, who will gladly get rid of encumbrances, but from land-jobbers, and the *nouveaux riches*, who want to found families. Of course, these proposals do not meet the Irish difficulty—what will? And Mr. Kinnear decries in the strongest way the ruinous practice of buying land with borrowed money: "encourage peasant-proprietorship among those who can really purchase; but don't lead men to injure themselves and the public by becoming the hopeless serfs of a mortgagee, no matter whether he be called the State, a bank, or a private usurer." Temperate (as we said), lucid, and thorough, Mr. Kinnear deserves careful reading from all who care about the future of their country.

Those who, having bought a good azalea or lily, find it dwindling away year by year, should read "Greenhouse Favourites" (Groombridge and Sons). It is not only, with its really splendid coloured plates, an ornament to the drawing-room, but is full of practical directions for management; being, in fact, not only a safe guide for amateurs, but also containing much information for adepts. The remarks on growing the erica—that *crux* of dabblers in floriculture, and on the difficult feat of propagating camellias from cuttings show that the book is, as it professes to be, useful as well as attractive. Many readers will be glad to know that the foliage begonias may be struck from a single leaf.

Mr. McMullen, justly proud of his feats "down Channel in the *Orion*," tells us, in "An Experimental Cruise" (Stanford) how he coasted about single-handed between Gravesend and Dover in the *Procyon*, 7-ton lugger, the weather most of the time being enough to make even a lifeboat chary of venturing out. No wonder his hands got sprained in what he calls "a laborious pastime," while his situation must often have been cheerless enough, despite his Bass and his ample store of potted and tinned delicacies and his Acme stove. However, resisting the bullying Deal boatmen, who proffered help when the danger was over, he had the satisfaction of doing everything himself, even to cleaning his little craft. Yachtsmen may learn much from his experiences; while the general reader will admire his scathing denunciation of the Yankees who bring their wives over in cockle-shell boats advertised as *sinkable*; and his very sensible remarks about preventing collisions—viz., by making illegal the clause which guarantees 75 per cent. to the owners, and by enabling widows and orphans to recover just as they can from a railway company. If this was the law the two threatened vessels would both stop until a white flag or light assured both that there was no danger. It is noteworthy that there are nearly twice as many collisions in clear as in hazy weather, which proves that their chief cause is what on land we should call reckless driving.

Admirers of Canon Kingsley will be thankful for "Out of the Deep; Words for the Sorrowful" (Macmillan); and many to whom his writings have been a sealed book will learn to love him, and will read more of him after having read as he did this selection. Few men have put so much heart into their writing; and here we have his heart of hearts communing with us—his intense earnestness concentrated on what most deeply touches the soul. His sermons, letters (some unpublished ones), essays—all his works are put under contribution; and "Out of the Deep," whether of suffering and sorrow, of sin, of loneliness and disappointment, of darkness and hell, or of death itself, will be a real help to those who need consolation.

In "A Chronology of Medicine, Ancient, Medieval, and Modern" (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox) Mr. J. M. Richards assures us that he is only making a contribution to a more finished work to be written by and by. The book, however, is full of interest—an

interest enhanced by the portrait outlines (chiefly from the collection of the College of Surgeons) and by the two chapters on "medicine in State papers and in old newspapers." We doubt whether the decay of science in Rome ("medicine perished with Galen") was due to the military character of an Empire which hated science in all its forms," though no doubt Caracalla did what he could to ruin the schools of Alexandria; but we believe it is a fact that the Egyptian priests delivered clinical lectures in their temple-hospitals. Many clever men have had their superstitions; and the belief in talismans still lingers, we are told, among London thieves. One was taken up the other day, who always carried about a certain bit of coal to preserve him from capture. In the chapter on Alchemy and Chemistry due praise is given to the Arabs, of whom Geber is said to have invented distillation and the medicinal use of sugar; but we find nothing about our old friend Cornelius Agrippa, and Roger Bacon is dismissed in two lines. Did Arnold of Villeneuve, by the way, discover alcohol, or borrow it from the Arabs? In these days of chloral it is well to know the old English mode of securing "sleep for the unhealthy" by putting a wolf's head under the pillow.

How an intelligent native of Greater Britain looks on the wonders of the old world—the sights of Egypt and of Palestine, the Anarajahpoota ruins and Adam's Peak in Ceylon; the glories of Benares and Delhi, and that Taj which is, indeed, "the White Wonder of India"—Mr. Hingston of the *Melbourne Argus* tells us in "The Australian Abroad: Branches from the Main Routes Round the World" (Sampson Low and Co.). His style is his own. Bethlehem, for instance, he speaks of as "a little hill-top corner on the road to nowhere, even out of our way as we take it on the journey to Jordan." After doing the Great Pyramid he rushes into "a Cheops restaurant—piled up by some good Samaritan of stones that have fallen out of the angle—in the condition in which Christopher Sly exclaims: 'For God's sake, a glass of small beer.'" "Eöthen," long ago, said: "You cannot mock at the Sphinx;" but Mr. Hingston thinks otherwise. He sat for nearly two hours looking at it from every point of view, recalling all that he had read, and in vain endeavouring to find any visible cause for so much fine writing. We are glad that he was more favourably impressed with the rock temples of India; for it would be sad, indeed, if the leaders of thought in Australia should affect a flippant *nil admirari* spirit. It is a pity he adopts as authentic the stories about Krishna which a Brahmin, anxious to deceive our *savants*, interpolated out of the Gospels.

THE HORN HEAD

PEOPLE might as well boast of knowing all the ancient monuments of Ireland when they have never seen the Rock of Cashel, as of knowing her grandest features when they have never been to the Horn Head and Sliebh League in County Donegal. Mr. R. L. Patterson, President of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce, in his excellent book on the birds, whales, and fishes of Belfast Lough, speaks in such glowing terms of a visit to the Horn that every one who reads him will wish he could pack up at once and be off to the "miles of cliffs, rising in some places to a height of 700 feet sheer up from the ocean." Here are three Lands' Ends and more piled one upon the other; and yet of the crowds who have seen the Land's End, how few ever think of trying Donegal for a change! Mr. Patterson's book may, perhaps lead some to choose, for once, the Gweedore Hotel, with its excellent fishing, instead of Norway or "the moors;" and may induce them, on their way, to do thoroughly the whole coast from Sheephaven to Killybegs bay, including Glencolumbkille, with its old, old memories, and its wild tradition about Prince Charles Edward; Glen Maulin, with its tumuli and pillar stone, scheduled in Sir John Lubbock's Bill; the Foreland, like a grass-clad Cape Cornwall, a contrast in its soft roundness to the harsh crags on both sides, and Sliebh League, aforesaid, only second in stern grandeur to the Horn itself.

Let those who go to the Horn not be content with a land view. This is very fine—right and left, cape behind cape, a stretch of coast, nearly forty miles, reaching to Malin Head on the east; seaward the rugged strip of Tory Island; inland the Donegal Alps, among which nestles Gweedore, Errigal the highest, 2,400 feet, towering up a cone of bare white limestone; at your feet the black chasms, up which, even on the calmest days, the tide comes swirling, and the innumerable company of kittiwakes and razorbills, and herring-gulls and puffins, and such like, which breed on the inaccessible ledges that divide the tiers of rocks. You must look out for "M'Swine's gun," a vast edition of the blow-holes of the Cornish coast. If it is still in firing condition you should time your visit so that the tide may suit. Anyhow, gun or no gun, there is always the steady roll of the Atlantic, and if you have the luck to come when there is heavy weather out at sea, the rollers are magnificent, and the thud is heard for miles inland.

But you must also, as Mr. Patterson did, hire a boat at Dunfanaghy, and see these mighty cliffs from below. You pass through Templebrig, a lofty natural arch so wide that there is no need to ship oars, and, besides the endless colonies of seabirds, you see deep caves where there are plenty of seals. These seals eat the salmon that are caught in nets stretched out to sea, and secured to strong mooring buoys. To hinder this a man lives (or lived) in a solitude to which Crusoe's was luxury. About thirty feet above the sea is a cleft in the rock, to which a door and roof were fitted, and then, access being given by a ladder from below, a watcher was set there with gun, candle, fuel, and a week's provision, to fire at all the seals he saw. Once the poor fellow was nearly starved to death; rough weather came on, and it was wholly impossible to reach him. All this part of Donegal suffered terribly in the old famine; the Rosses, the Marquis Conyngham's property, would have been depopulated but for the help of an English Quaker. It has suffered much during this past visitation, and to spend a little money in the country would be at once to help the people, and to open up to oneself a new touring field. Two things we should like to see—a training ship set up in Killybegs Bay, and a few thousand pounds subscribed to start anew the fisheries ruined by the potato famine. A splendid nursery for seamen there might be and ought to be among these hardy fishers.

H. S. F.



W. CZERNY.—"Thy True Love," a *canzonetta appassionata*, is quite worthy of its second title. Published in F and E flat, it may be sung by any young man or maiden suffering from the tender passion of which it treats; the words are by M. E., the music by Max Schröter.—A meet companion for the above—also published in two keys, for tenor or bass—is "Good Night, Beloved," a graceful serenade; poetry by Longfellow, music by Frank Moor.—Prettiest of this group of sentimental love songs is "On the Sunny Main," music and French words by J. B. Wekerlin; faithfully adapted to the English by Muriel Knyvet. The melody, in 6-8 time, will haunt the memory after it has ceased.—By the same composer are "Les Quatres Graces," four brief and tuneful *valse* *Alsaciennes*, after de Kéronic, arranged as duets or solos.—G. Bachmann has never done better on, on a small scale, than with "Honi soit qui mal y pense," *une amourette musicale*, which should be learnt by heart, and will be asked for again and again.—Brilliant

and showy is the "Dance of the Sylphs," from *La Damnation de Faust*, by Hector Berlioz, transcribed for the pianoforte by W. Czerny.—"Petite Romance," by G. F. Kendall, is sure of a welcome from amateurs. It is a simple air, tastefully arranged for the pianoforte, with violin or violoncello accompaniment.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—The contents of our latest parcel, with the exception of instruction books, which are but compilations after all, show that the summer holidays are in full swing, and are really needed for the languid brains both of vocal and instrumental composers. Brightest and most nervous of the songs are "His Sweetheart's Face," written and composed by Alice Carey and Helen Maxwell, which is really out of the common groove, and "Heroes," the music of which, by Henry Pontet, is spirited and tuneful enough to illustrate the well-intentioned though very common-place sentiments of Edward Oxenford. Both songs are suitable for a sea-side concert.—Both G. J. Whyte as a poet and Cotsford Dick as a composer have done very much better than with a weak ballad of medium compass, entitled "Good Bye."—Quite as feeble as the above is "The Little Blacksmith," written and composed by the Misses A. Carey and H. Maxwell; its only merit is its simplicity.—There is always a rush of instruction books at this season. Of the present batch each one has its good points. "A. B. C. Instructions for the Pianoforte," by Adrian de Lorme, is very well put together. Pages two and three are excellent, more especially "The Key Board," which may be mastered before touching the piano. The general arrangement of this work is calculated to improve the taste and develop the mind of the beginner, although there is nothing sufficiently novel to make this book supersede its many excellent contemporaries.—"Solitude," a nocturne for the pianoforte by C. Oberthür, is smoothly written, but dull as its name would lead us to expect.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—A new edition of Hemy's "Royal Modern Tutor," which is one of the very best aids for teachers of music to beginners, has made its appearance "specially revised and enlarged by the author," as complete a work for educational purposes as any of its class. The student who can pass an examination on the contents of this volume is no ignorant musician.—From the same skilful and practised hand comes Book I. of Hemy's "Royal Modern Vocal School," which we can strongly recommend to all who would sing well, and have the patience to study diligently how to become thorough vocalists.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EVER, AND CO.—Worthy the attention of organists and choirmasters is "The Morning and Evening Service, together with the Office for the Holy Communion," set to music in the key of D, by J. T. Field, who is a gifted musician, and has done his work well.—The favourite contralto song from Henry Leslie's cantata, *The First Christmas Morn*, "O Babe, My Son, My Saviour," will win further popularity in its present detached form.—No. II. of "Novello, Ever, and Co.'s Pianoforte Albums" is, like its predecessor, devoted to Bach's works, and finishes up to No. 40 of the grand old master's compositions.

TIME AND TIDE

WHERE the wild ocean laves the yellow sand,
The dial stands; across its face doth creep
The long dark shadow; whilst upon the strand,
With never-ceasing sound, the swelling deep
Dashes its restless waves, that wildly leap
Upon the beach, or madly toss on high
Their lightsome, feathery foam, then backward sweep
Into the sea; and ever to the sky
With wailing sound upraise their melancholy cry.

Relic of bye-gone days, the quaint old town
Smiles in the morning sunshine; from the height
The ruined castle looketh sadly down
Upon the scene; all beautiful and bright
The waters glance and glisten in the light;
Across their shimmering surface gaily ride
The boats, with canvas swelling fair and white,
Departing with the fast-departing tide,
Bearing their living freight across the waters wide.

Here by the rolling deep the aged stray,
And listen to the wild waves' restless roar,
Upon the beach the happy children play,
And gather shells and pebbles from the shore,
Here come the wearisome, with burdens sore,
And happy hearts, intent on pleasure's chase,
While on the strand the sea sings evermore,
Its ceaseless song; and still, with steady pace,
The shadow slowly moves around the dial's face.

ALFRED CHARLES JEWITT

OMNIBUS IMPROVEMENTS.—It is rumoured that at the commencement of next year a new omnibus company will commence operations in the metropolis, and that one of the new and improved features on which it relies to obtain for it a share of public patronage is increased interior accommodation for passengers. It is quite time that the old-fashioned and stupid old "lines" that were originally laid down for building the two-horse vehicle in question were rubbed out, and new and more liberal ones adopted. It is not an Act of Parliament that declares that to each passenger in an omnibus shall be allotted sixteen inches of space to sit on, with twelve inches in front of him, and not an inch more, for the accommodation of his knees. It is purely an omnibus proprietor's question, and as long as the public do no more than grumble and bear with the stifling and unpleasant crowding to which they are subjected, the evil will not be remedied, by existing companies at all events. The new omnibuses are to be provided, it is said, with the convenient "spring-back" seats on the roof, such as are fitted to some of the tram cars, and which do away with the dangerous semi-saturated cushions on which the unsuspecting traveller so often deposits himself in the rainy season. Whether the new company can invent any plan for sheltering outside passengers is a more doubtful matter. It has been suggested that the conductors should keep a sheaf of umbrellas in a rack near the door, and lend them to outsiders during wet weather. But in these days umbrellas are cheap, and most of those people who can afford to ride on omnibuses are already provided with them. It would be preferable if the necessity for umbrellas outside could be altogether done away with. They get in the coachman's line of sight, and obstruct his driving operations, and they send a perfect Niagara of drops down the necks of those who, themselves umbrellaless, happen to sit next the proprietor of a "gingham." Would it not be possible to introduce an awning like that used on some of the South London trams? A convenient arrangement of this sort, which could be swiftly rolled and unrolled, would soon pay its cost, as it might induce many to ride who, in dubious weather, in default of an inside seat, prefer "the marrowbone stage."

THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY of the first entrance of the Mormons into Salt Lake City has been celebrated with considerable enthusiasm in Utah. According to the *New York Herald* there was a procession embracing ten brass and military bands, representing "sentiments, ideas, agricultural and horticultural products, trades, industries, and manufactures," which was an hour in passing, and was witnessed by from ten to twenty thousand spectators. There was a profusion of mottoes, among the rest "The Happy Polygamic Family," carried by the said family in a waggon.

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 Reduction for Cash, of 40 PER CENT. until the 30th inst. under the original prices.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.
GOODALL'S HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES.
 A single trial solicited from those who have not yet tried these splendid preparations.

GOODALL'S YORKSHIRE RELISH.
 The most delicious sauce in the world. Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.
CAUTION.—On each Yorkshire Relish Label is our TRADE MARK, Willow Pattern Plate, and name, GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, and CO. No other is genuine.
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 The best in the world. 1d. packets; 6d., 1s. 2s., and 5s. tins.

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GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER. Makes delicious custards without eggs, and at half the price. Delicious to Plum Pudding. Delicious to Stewed Kidney. Delicious to all kinds of Puddings. Delicious to Jam Tarts. Delicious to all kinds of Fruit. Delicious to all kinds of Fruit Pies. Delicious to everything. Delicious alone.

In boxes, 6d. and 1s. each. Shippers and the trade supplied by the Sole Proprietors, GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, and CO., Leeds.

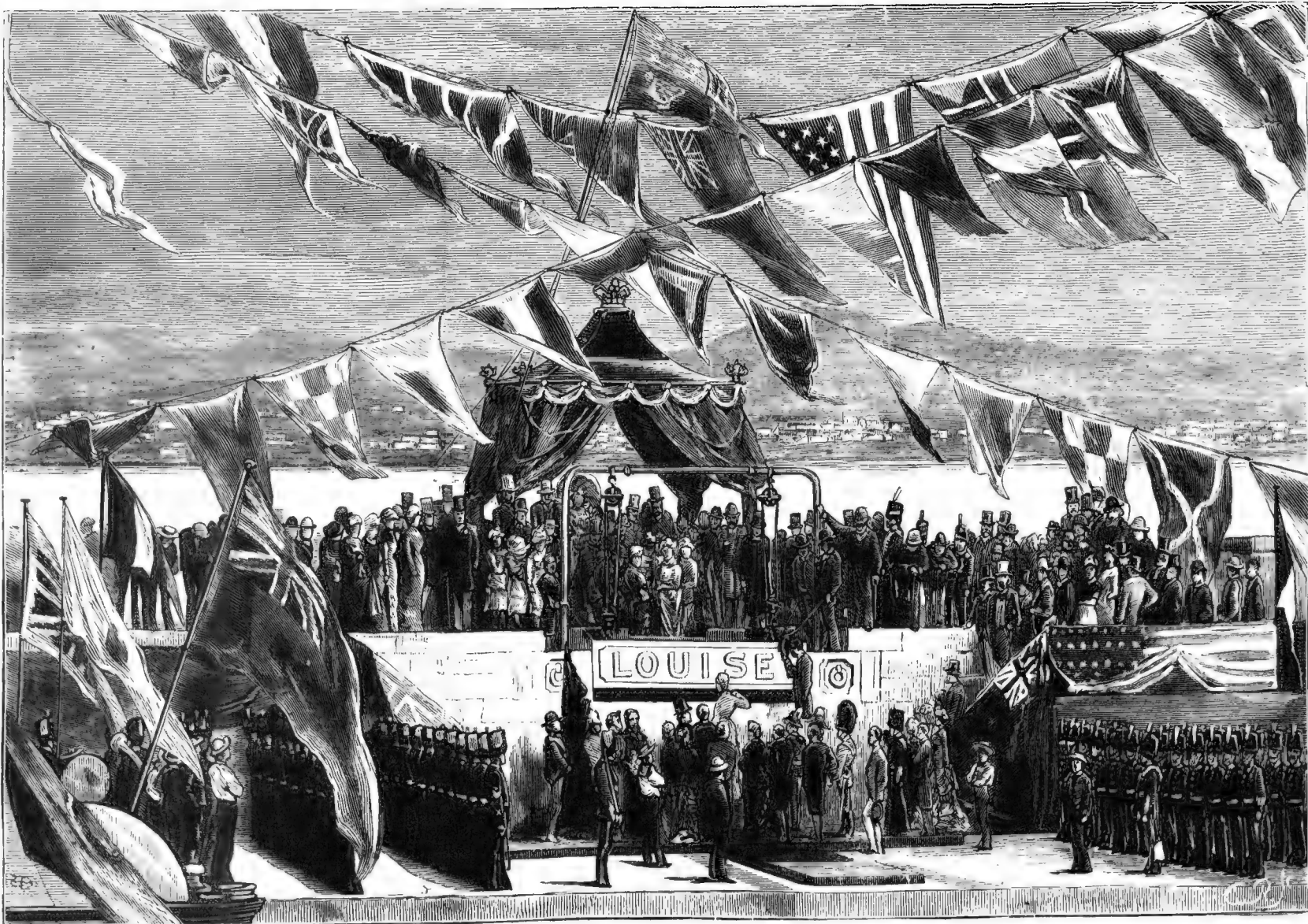
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
 "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

CHASSAIGN'S WINE, WITH PEPSEINE and DIASTASE.

IT HAS A MOST AGREEABLE FLAVOUR, AND CONTAINS THE TWO NATURAL AND INDISPENSABLE AGENTS TO INSURE GOOD DIGESTION



WATER POLO AT HUNTER'S QUAY, SCOTLAND



THE NEW HARBOUR WORKS AT QUEBEC, CANADA — H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.

THE Knighthood of the Garter, a vacancy in which was caused by the death of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, has been bestowed by Her Majesty on the Duke of Bedford. Francis Charles Hastings Russell, ninth Duke, son of Major-General Lord George William Russell, brother of the seventh Duke, was born October 16th, 1819, and succeeded his cousin in 1872. He entered the Scots Fusilier Guards in 1838, and retired in 1844. He sat as M.P. for Bedfordshire in the Liberal interest from 1847 to 1872. He has been Lieutenant-Colonel of the Bedfordshire Rifles since 1860, and is a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant of the same county. In 1844 he married Lady Elizabeth Sackville-West, eldest daughter of the fifth Earl Delawarr, by whom he has two sons and two daughters. The Duke's eldest son, the Marquis of Tavistock, was elected M.P. for Bedfordshire in 1875, and was chosen again at the General Election this year. Lord Odo Russell, the Duke's younger brother, has long been favourably known as a skilful and trustworthy diplomatist, and has since 1871 been Ambassador to the Court of Germany.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, London and Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

NEW HARBOUR WORKS, QUEBEC

THESE works, which occupy an important place among the engineering enterprises of the Dominion of Canada, have been constructed at the point where the St. Charles, a tributary of the mighty St. Lawrence, joins the latter river at Quebec. Indeed, in size, construction, and position, these additions to the harbour accommodation already existing will be, in reproductive result and self-redemption of first cost, by the reclaimed land within their walls, without parallel. From end to end this great basin measures 4,000 feet. It is 900 feet wide, and will enclose a water area of 60 acres, 40 acres of which are to be wet dock, and 20 acres of tidal basin, with a minimum depth of 27 feet and 42 feet respectively below high water, while the level of the quays will be six feet above the line. The new docks appear as the outwork of a fortification, forming by its perfect line and workmanship a finished river frontage to the north side of Quebec. Under the protection of the embankment, a valuable ship will be enabled to winter, avoiding all risk of "ice shove;" and with the completion of the Graving Dock, Quebec will



FRANCIS CHARLES HASTINGS RUSSELL, DUKE OF BEDFORD, THE NEW KNIGHT OF THE GARTER

have advanced towards being one of the most commodious naval stations in the Dominion. Moreover, by the construction of these works, the most effective terminus for the shipment of the general traffic of the Canada Pacific Railway, and the systems already in operation in the direction of Manitoba, is clearly indicated. The Red River Valley alone, one-third of which lies within the Canadian Dominion, can, it is said, furnish all the breadstuffs which the United Kingdom at present requires to import. Before long, therefore, it may fairly be expected that the neighbourhood of the Palais, and the "Princess Louise Embankment," with its fine building sites, will become a busy hive of industry.

Our engraving, which is from a photograph forwarded to us by Mr. Woodford Pilkington, M.I.C.E., the Resident Engineer of the Harbour Works, shows the ceremony of July 29th, when the "Tablet Stone" was laid by H.R.H. the Princess Louise. As it was her last public act before leaving Canada, more than usual interest was excited. The arrangements made for the ceremony comprised a platform of barges with ascending stairs, carpeted and decorated, a canopy of crimson covering, with cornice and hangings surmounted by a crown, while above floated the Royal standard. The Princess, surrounded by the Vice-regal staff, the Governor-General, and other notables, laid the cement on a certain portion left for her to fill under the Tablet Stone, an immense mass of granulated limestone, her name, "Louise," being deeply countersunk upon it.

WATER POLO AT HUNTER'S QUAY

TO the many spectators on the shore, on the pier, and in the boats, the proceedings which took place on the 12th and 13th July caused great merriment. The efforts of the riders to get on to their unruly steeds were most ludicrous. The ball (a hollow india-rubber one), swimming on the water, was from time to time propelled by the paddles of the successful riders. Only one or two were able to keep their seats, the rest continually fell off into the water. The horses (named after famous racers) are simply barrels, with a flat board, cut in the shape of a horse's head, fixed on in front. A tail is stuck on behind, and under the water line is a heavily-loaded keel, to keep them somewhat steady. They are painted like toy-horses, and a saddle-cloth nailed on.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. John Hildersheim.



THE WIMBLEDON SCANDAL—SKETCH IN COURT DURING THE TRIAL OF SERGEANT MARSHMAN AT THE ROYAL MARINE BARRACKS, GOSPORT



THE TURF.—September this year began with such summer-like geniality that a fine-weather Doncaster was anticipated with as great a certainty as the victory of Bend Or in the chief race. But alas! for the vanity of human hopes and wishes! Neither came off, nor were near coming off. The racing on the opening day was quite up to the Doncaster standard, and notwithstanding the gloomy weather so also was the attendance. Nine starters came to the post for the time-honoured Fitzwilliam Stakes, and pickers of favourites began well by selecting Colonel Forester's Tower and Sword as their champion, though he only got home by a head in front of Chevernel. Sir John Astley for once in a way had a turn of luck in winning the Doncaster Welter with Windsor; and Mr. R. Jardine added to his many previous successes of this season by winning the Great Yorkshire Handicap with Reveller, while he took the second place with Roulette. The Champagne, the great two-year-old contest of the meeting, had Lord Falmouth's redoubtable Bal Gal among the eight competitors, and it was hardly a matter of surprise that more than 2 to 1 was laid on her. She won as she liked, and thus retains an unbeaten certificate. This is the fourth time his lordship has won the Champagne. The St. Leger day of 1880, for a continuous downpour of rain, has not had its equal among its more than century of predecessors, though for an actual deluge during the race Blair Athol's year 1864 still holds, and is likely to hold, the pre-eminence. Perhaps no previous St. Leger has evoked so little interest. Since the Derby, when Bend Or beat Robert the Devil by a head, the Doncaster race has almost universally been regarded as a match between the two, and the betting has strongly indicated that the general opinion was in favour of the Derby winner taking the Doncaster prize more easily than he did that of Epsom. Up to the start, when exactly a dozen faced Mr. McGeorge, the market told the same tale, as 11 to 8 was freely laid on the Duke of Westminster's colt, while 4 to 1 could be had against Robert the Devil. It would be too long a story to give the main incidents of the race, suffice it therefore to say, that the favourite ran well for a certain distance, and at half a mile from home held a slight lead of the Abbot, at whose quarter lay Robert the Devil, Cipolata, Apollo, and Zealot. To this lot the race was evidently now confined, but at a quarter of a mile from home Bend Or was in trouble, and Robert the Devil immediately taking a strong lead won easily by three lengths. Lord Rosebery's Cipolata took second honours, thus showing that her running a few weeks ago with the winner was not so untrue after all, while the Abbot ran third, and thus once more illustrated the fatality which seems to attach to him of almost always getting a "place," but never scoring a win. That some excuses will be put forward for the defeat of the Duke of Westminster's Derby winner may be expected, but it will require a good deal of direct and indirect evidence to show that Robert the Devil is not decidedly the best three-year-old of the season. The opinion held by many that the Derby was but a cleverly "stolen" race will now gain a host of adherents, and the Ascot running of Fernandez with the Derby winner will now be seen to have had no little significance.



WHEAT.—The grave differences of opinion prevailing about a month ago seem to have subsided, and the British wheat crop is now fairly generally reckoned at 11,000,000 quarters, of which 1,000,000 quarters will be wanted for seed, leaving 10,000,000 quarters for consumption. Imports of about 13,500,000 quarters would be required to balance demand. Last cereal year we received of wheat and flour a total of about 16,500,000 quarters. We are not likely to receive a much smaller supply in 1880-1. Can the country support a surplus import of 3,000,000 quarters without a dangerous depression of prices? We think it ought to be so able; for stocks of foreign wheat and old English wheat are probably lower by fully 3,000,000 quarters than is usually the case at the beginning of a new cereal year. Present prices for new English wheat are decidedly low, but the farmers are partly to blame for this, seeing that many of them have both harvested and threshed with too great haste.

THE PRICE OF FEEDING STUFFS is somewhat difficult to ascertain, as a glance at ordinary price lists is quite deceptive. The purchaser who sees maize quoted 28s. and oats 22s. per qr. would think oats were cheapest, but when he finds 480lb. go to the qr. of maize, and 320lb. to a qr. of oats, the fallacy becomes apparent. The adoption of some uniform measure such as the cental may seem a little thing, but it would mark a distinct triumph of civilisation over semi-barbarous local usages and jealously guarded intricacies of trade. Wheat at 44s. per qr. of 480lbs. equals 5s. 1½d. per half-cwt., while oats at 22s. per qr. of 320lb. equal 3s. 10d. per half-cwt., and the finest round maize at 28s. per qr. of 480lbs. equals 3s. 3d. per half-cwt. Barley as a feeding stuff is cheaper than wheat, but dearer than oats, which in turn must give place to maize as the cheapest form of feeding stuff.

THE MALT TAX AND MALT.—It certainly is curious that the substitution of a Beer for a Malt Tax, which was done as a farmers' measure, should lower the price of barley. Such, however, is the case, and the farmers are already beginning to doubt the reality of the supposed benefits. On all hands the increased use of maize, sugar, and other cheap sorts of produce is being recommended to brewers by agents who promise them greatly increased profits through such a course, and this much seems clear, that by the Act a fresh impetus will be given to a change that was already coming over the brewing trade. A minor objection to Mr. Gladstone's reform is taken on the ground that farmers are compelled to pay a duty on the beer brewed for their own consumption. The rudest states of civilisation allow free use to a man of the crops of his rearing and the fruits of his own toil, the worst feudal exactions of the Middle Ages never taxed the cultivator in the use of his own products.

LAND RECLAMATION in Morecambe Bay promises future important successes in the rescuing from the sea of several square miles of what would make good corn land.

AGRICULTURAL LEGISLATION.—The leading landlords and farmers of East Kent have agreed upon certain recommendations to the Royal Commission, which would take a couple of fairly hard-working Sessions to carry out. The Ground Game Bill succeeded only too well in setting landlords and tenants by the ears, but on the following points the East Kent recommendation—which from the list of names appended is shown to be thoroughly representative—shows concurrence and mutual sympathy:—1. Local taxation should be reduced; and especially Turnpike Highway Rates. 2. Boys should be allowed a certain amount of healthy field labour. 3. Restrictive covenants in farm leases should be abolished. 4. The rotation of crops should be left at the farmer's discretion. 5. The

present system of taking the corn averages is unsatisfactory and unfair to the farmer. 6. The question of tithes needs prompt consideration. 7. Distraint should not be allowed to affect the property of third persons, or be of more than three years' retrospective power.

HOPS.—The yield this year is likely to equal half-a-million cwt., whereas the yield in 1879 was much smaller—we do not know what was the usual estimate, but we should say not over 200,000 cwt. In certain districts farmers have had some trouble with their hop-pickers; but, as a rule, labour has not been scarce, nor, as a consequence, the men unreasonable.

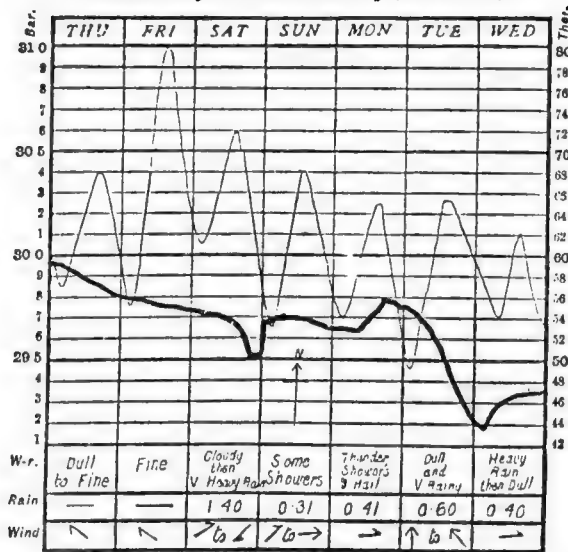
STOCK SALES.—The Tillyfour and Underley sales have attracted much notice. The heirs of Mr. M'Combie have fair reason for satisfaction at the prices obtained; but their polled cattle only ranged in value from 30 to 250 guineas; while Lord Bective's shorthorns made up to 2,000 guineas. The great Westmoreland breeder once gave 6,500l. for a single cow, and every year is now showing that purity of race and high breeding in stock are increasing in estimation. Both the Tillyfour and Underley sales were largely and influentially attended.—In Lincolnshire some good prices have been obtained at recent ram sales, which have attracted considerable attention.

SEPTEMBER HEAT.—A Somersetshire correspondent records the shade temperature at noon as 76°1 on the 1st, 76°6 on the 2nd, 83°3 on the 3rd, and 86°5 on the 4th. These were the maxima of the year, and our informant says that in twenty-eight years' observations he has only registered over 80 degrees on single days in three previous Septembers and on three days of September, 1868, the 5th, 6th, and 7th, when 81°7, 83°9, and 84°0 degs. were registered. If Somersetshire observations are borne out in other parts of the country it would appear that the 4th September this year was the hottest September day of the past quarter century. Two sunstrokes occurred in the harvest field on this day, and an irregular observer tells us he registered 141 deg. in the sun. This we give without special faith, but 118 deg. in vacuo were registered by a trustworthy instrument.

THE BULLFINCH is responsible for a sharp controversy between two such celebrated naturalists as the Rev. F. O. Morris and Mr. Harrison Weir. The question was as to whether the bullfinch did serious injury in gardens and orchards. The clerical controversialist gets very bitter over a little matter; but Mr. Weir, who maintains the bird does great damage, holds to his point, quoting such authorities as Macgillivray, and, with fine irony, the Rev. F. O. Morris himself, in his book on "British Birds." Our own belief has always been that the bullfinch was most destructive to fruit buds. As regards the bird's name, Mr. Harrison Weir derives it from *Blutfink*, Mr. Morris from *Budfinch*, while the ordinary derivation assumes it to be a bull, or thick-necked finch. We would suggest, however, the Gothic root *bul*, meaning sturdy, large, noisy; the first two senses that in which it forms part of the word *bulrush*, the third being exemplified in the word *bully*. The bullfinch is certainly the sturdiest and boldest-looking of the finches.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 9 TO SEPTEMBER 15 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the first two days of this period the weather was tolerably fair and bright, and on Friday (10th inst.) the thermometer rose to a maximum of 80°. The early part of Saturday (11th inst.) was also fair, but in the evening a small depression approached our neighbourhood, causing torrents of rain and a considerable freshening of the wind from the south-westward. The disturbance passed away in the course of the night, and Sunday (12th inst.) was much finer than the preceding day, although showery. On Monday (13th inst.) some further showers fell, and at about one P.M. a slight thunderstorm passed over, but no serious change took place until the close of the day, when the barometer began to fall very quickly, the wind backed to south, and heavy clouds arose. The rapid fall in the barometer continued throughout Tuesday (14th inst.), and a serious depression passed across our southern counties, producing heavy gales in the Channel, and a slight gale even in London, while a considerable quantity of rain fell in the course of the day. The passage of the disturbance was very gradual, and on Wednesday (15th inst.) we were not quite free from the influence, the weather being rainy in the morning and dull during the remainder of the day. Temperature has been low during the past few days, the maximum on Monday and Tuesday (13th and 14th inst.) being only 64°, and on Wednesday (15th inst.) only 62°. The barometer was highest (29.96 inches) on Thursday (9th inst.); lowest (29.18 inches) on Wednesday (15th inst.); range, 0.78 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (80°) on Friday (10th inst.); lowest (49°) on Tuesday (14th inst.); range, 31°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 3.12 inches. Greatest fall on any one day 1.40 inches, on Saturday (11th inst.).



THE London theatrical season already begins to exhibit signs of a vigorous commencement. This evening the LYCEUM reopens after an unusually brief summer holiday, and admirers of Mr. Irving are looking forward with great interest to his appearance in the characters of the twin brothers Louis and Fabian Des Franchi, in that picturesque and impressive melodrama, *The Corsican Brothers*. A good many years have now elapsed since the late Mr. Charles Kean, the original representative of these parts upon our stage, was last seen gliding in ghostly fashion across the stage, to the curiously effective trembling melody composed for the occasion—by Herr Stoepl as some authorities say—by Mr. Levey as others assert; and though Fechter and Mr. Dillon have since then revived the piece in town and country, it is but little known to the latest generation of playgoers. Miss Ellen Terry, who with her husband, Mr. Charles Kelly, is fulfilling a very successful round of provincial engagements,

has no part in the drama, which, indeed, is deficient in the element known as "female interest."

The STRAND Theatre will also reopen this evening, when a version of *Olivette*, the new comic opera in three acts, by M. Andrau, will be performed for the first time in England. The extraordinary popularity of *Madame Favart* would thus appear to be, for the present at least, at an end, but patrons of this cheerful little theatre will be glad to find that the name of Miss Florence St. John will be still prominent in the playbill, together with those of M. Marius, Miss Violet Cameron, Mr. Felix Bury, Miss Ada Hill, Mr. Knight Aston, Miss Emily Duncan, Mr. Henry Ashley, and many other popular performers.

The reopening of the HAYMARKET, under the management of Mr. J. S. Clarke, is deferred till Monday week, the 26th inst., when the late Mr. Buckstone's comedy called *Leap Year*, revised and considerably modified by the author in recent years, will be revived—Mr. Clarke sustaining a leading part in the performance, as well as reappearing in his old popular character of Major Wellington de Boots.

At the NEW SADLER'S WELLS, where Mrs. Bateman strives so conscientiously to regain the high reputation enjoyed by the old house under Mr. Phelps's memorable reign, *Othello* will be revived this evening, with Mr. Charles Warner in the part of the Moor, Mr. Hermann Vezin as Iago, Mr. Charles Calvert as Emilia, and Miss Isabella Bateman as Desdemona.

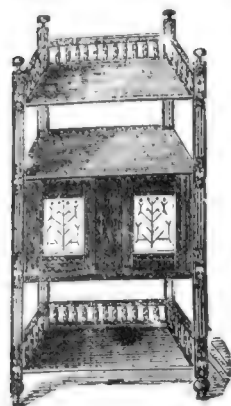
According to a letter addressed by Mr. Walter Gooch, lessee and manager of the Princess's Theatre, to the writer of the Monday morning article on the Theatres in the *Daily News*, it appears that this gentleman, like Mr. Bancroft, has no abstract preference for French adaptations, but is, on the contrary, extremely anxious to produce a new play of sterling worth by an English writer, if he can only get one. Mr. Gooch's letter was called for by a rather sharp complaint of Mr. Paul Meritt, joint author of *New Babylon* and *The World*, that Mr. Gooch is not a patron of native talent, as shown by his having declined to accept Mr. Meritt's offer to write a new play to be produced at the Princess's this autumn. Mr. Gooch, in a genial spirit of banter, apologises on the ground that he had already made arrangements, as long ago publicly announced, for the appearance of Mr. Edwin Booth, the famous American actor, in a series of Shakespearian performances; and he further excuses himself for having purchased the English rights in certain French pieces, on the plea that, when he treated for these outlandish works, he was "not aware that we have among us a genuine native dramatist whom not to prefer to Shakespeare this autumn is to place a manager beyond the pale of charitable consideration." Altogether the discrepancy between the managerial view, and the view of dramatic aspirants regarding the supply of native talent, tends rather to widen than diminish. If the difficulty of procuring attractive pieces is a mere delusion of managers, as is so often alleged, it must be confessed that the delusion appears to be rather widely spread.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE CHIMNEY POTS.—It is not more true that there are "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks," &c., than that, take the metropolis through, the chimney-stacks and "pots" that rise above the roofs of our private dwellings furnish humiliating testimony of our incapacity as house builders, and laugh to scorn our privileged boast that no nation in the world has arrived at such perfection of home comfort as ourselves. Considering the peculiarities of our climate (and the lighting of the lamps at seven P.M. cannot but remind us that our balmy days are numbered), without a cheerful fireside an Englishman's home may be his castle, but it can never be his home, and a fireside that is liable to sudden and unexpected suffocating and blinding belchings from a chimney ill at ease, is worse than an untrustworthy friend, or a dog that is sociable, as a rule, but of uncertain temper. How many unfortunate householders are victims to the blunder, of architects and builders it needs but an upward glance whenever one takes his walks abroad to show. There is not one domicile that has its chimneys in the condition as originally designed. The plain clay cylinders are capped with as many different kinds of "smoke preventives" as quack doctors have nostrums for the ills to which human flesh is heir. Zinc and tin being the most tractable material for the purpose, the most incongruous contrivances are shaped in these metals. The guiding principle seems to be that the wind being on all occasions maliciously bent on blowing the rising smoke back again down the chimney whenever it can find a fair chance, it is the "cure's" business to bother the wind as much as possible, and to this end such perplexing puzzles are set up for Boreas to solve, that he is expected to abandon them in disgust and pass on in search of easier mischief. There are knock-kneed "wind-baffles," and bow-legged ones, and those that are double and three-bowed, and some chimneys there are that wear flat caps, and some a triple crown of zinc spitoons, and some are adorned with tin cowls, shaped like the poke bonnet that was fashionable in the days when our grandmothers were young. And the worst of it is there is no such thing as making sure, when one enters on possession of a new house, that some such monstrosity of the roof may not be absolutely necessary. A chimney may be all that is desired, except for a weakness when the wind blows due east, or south-west, or some other particular point; and though all goes well for a while, the terrible moment will certainly arrive when, without an instant's warning, the enemy will be heard defiantly chuckling in the chimney, and the apartment and its occupants will be set gasping in an inky cloud.

POISON-BERRIES.—During the past week three inquests were held on the bodies of children whose death was occasioned by yielding to the temptation presented by the luscious-looking berries that at this time of year so plentifully adorn the wayside hedges. The most dangerous are the currant-like berries of the merzeron that grow in bunches, and have an acid-sweet taste, very pleasant to the palate. It would be a great advantage if school children, both in town and country, were taught how to recognise and avoid these fascinating perils. For other educational purposes there are employed illustrated broadsheets, which hang on the school wall, and serve the purpose of exciting the curiosity and pinning the attention of the juvenile audience while the teacher is discoursing of the subject to which they relate. Pictures of poison plants and berries might be so employed. It is not every child, for instance, who is aware that the peas found in the pods shed from the laburnum tree are poisonous, and the same with the bright yew berry. Again, there is the monkshood, with its brilliant flowers and its root exactly like horse-radish. The character of the purple berries of the nightshade is tolerably well known, but it is not every one who is aware that a mere half-dozen of the innocent-looking fruit may be a fatal dose for the healthiest child. The real properties of wild roots as well as berries should be better understood. As, for instance, there is the root of the water drop-wort, that grows freely in the valley of the Thames. It would puzzle an adult, let alone a child, to distinguish it from the common parsnip, and yet it is a cruel poison. Over much confidence may be placed even in some of our familiar favourite flowers, including the hyacinth and the daffodil and the lily, and persons young and old may as well be informed that simple "sour sorrel" derives its agreeable tartness from the presence of oxalic acid and binoxalate of potash. By a little attention to these matters many a serious illness would be avoided, and many a young life saved, for it should not be forgotten that the cases of fatal poisoning by eating wild berries, &c., brought to the notice of the coroner are probably not half the number that actually occur. The thoughtless little one has forgotten all about the berry or two it plucked and ate, and poison not being suspected, the death is no doubt frequently attributed to other causes.

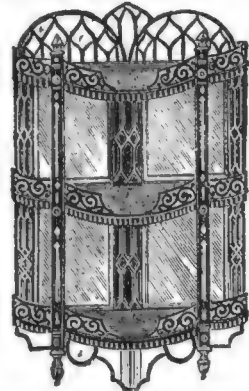
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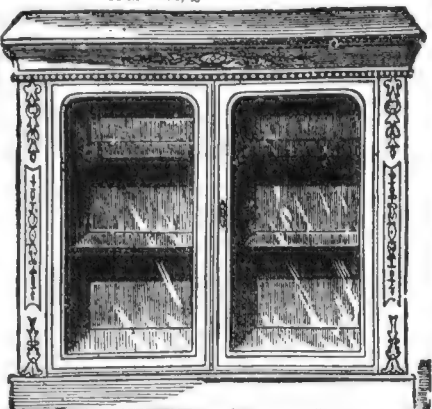


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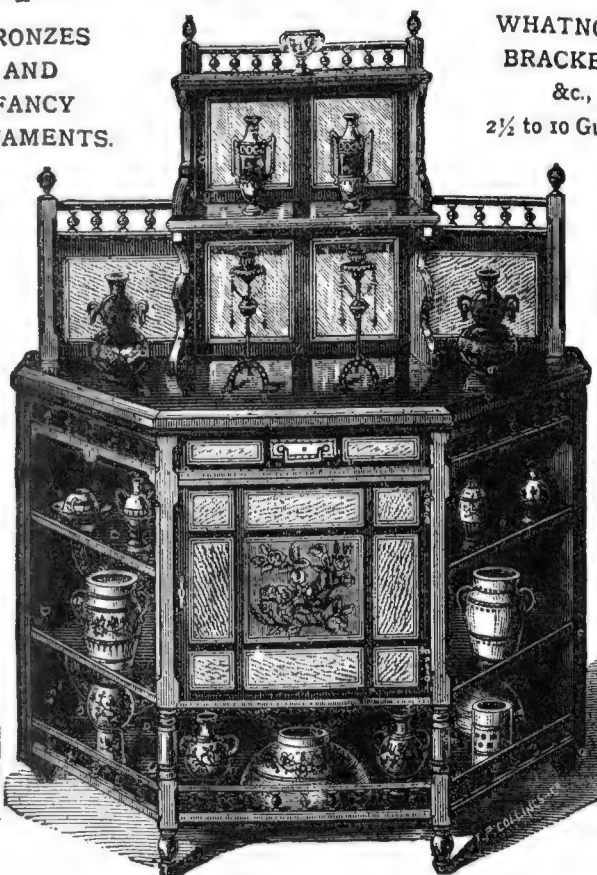


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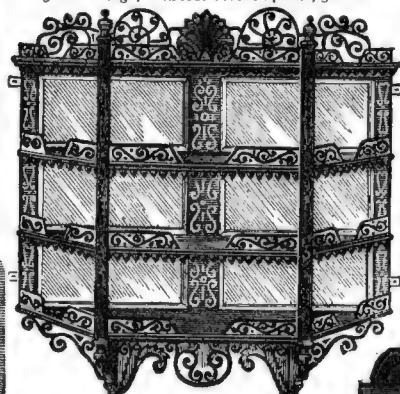
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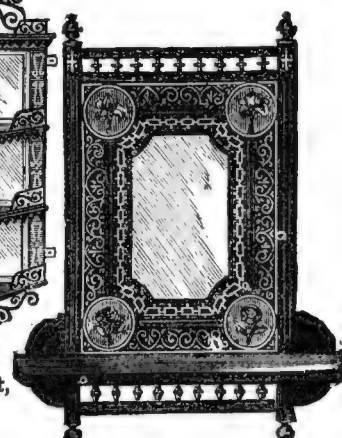
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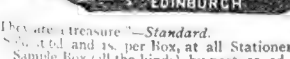
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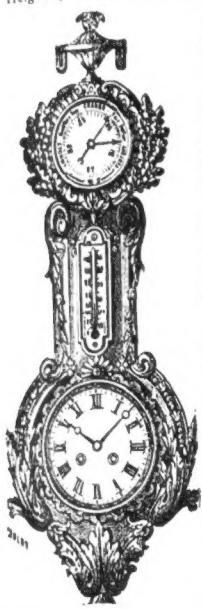
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GUARANTEED TO EFFECT THIS
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AFTER USE
"Facts speak Louder than Words."
The "Chemist and Druggist" says:—"Mr. Saville has sent
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"New Chester Road, Tranmere, Cheshire, April 20th, 1880.
"Dear Sir,—Will you kindly forward me another bottle of your 'Capillary Germinator,' as I have found it
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Harmless, free from grease, nicely scented, will not stain or injure the skin. The original of the above, with
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Of all Chemists, Perfumers, &c. Sent, carriage paid, to any address, secretly packed, with testimonials, direc-
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the dropping of the barrels, cocks this gun,
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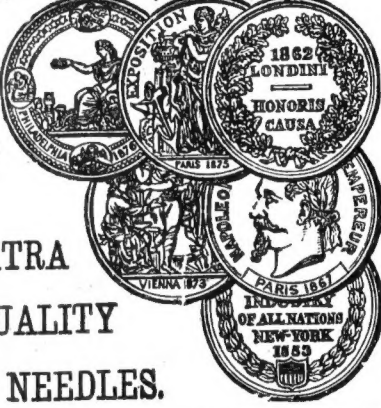
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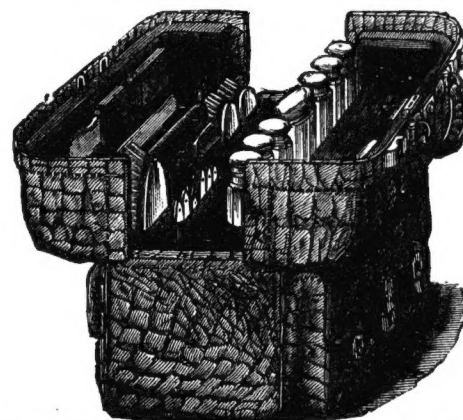
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